THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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MARCH 28, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

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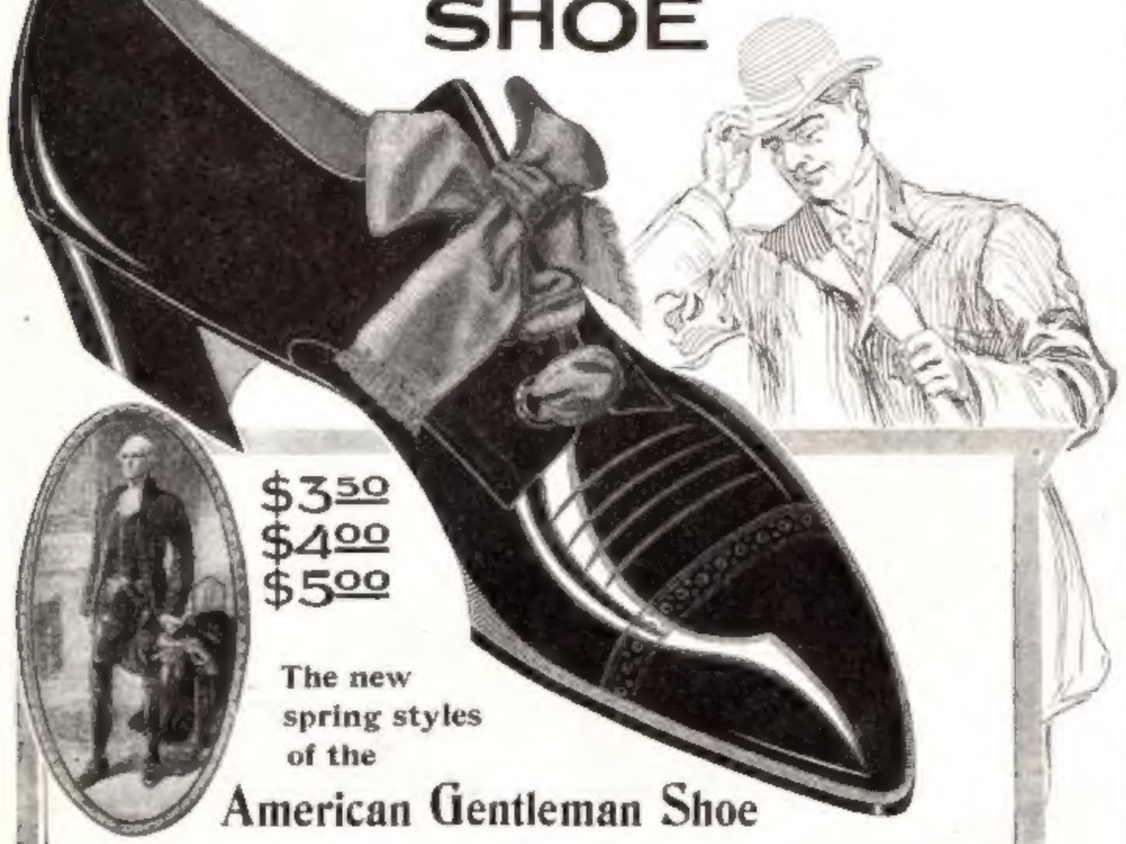

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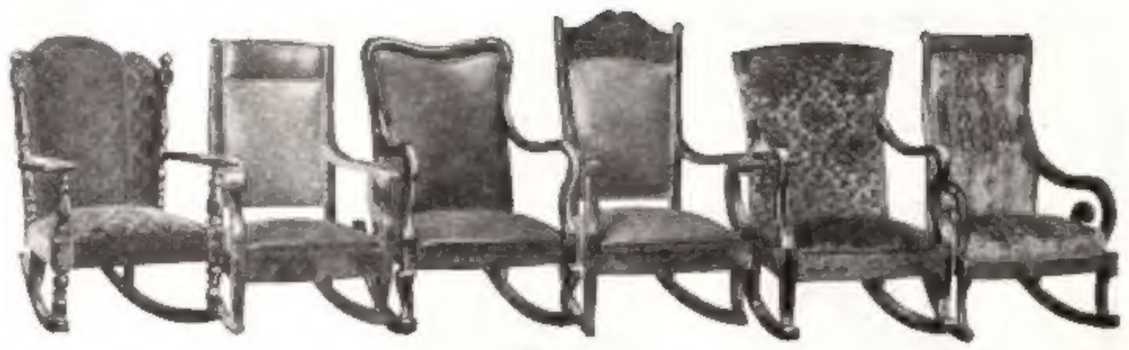

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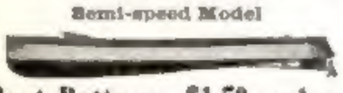

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THE SIMPLE CASE OF SUSAN

"And Then He Just Went Ahead and Married Me, Anyway"

By Jacques Futrelle

AUTHOR OF "THE CHASE OF THE GOLDEN PLATE"

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

I

SUSAN'S eyes were blue wells of promises unfulfilled; Susan's mouth was a scarlet bow of hope unattainable; Susan's hair was an alluring trap, baited with sunlight; Susan's nose was *retroussé*. Susan was the ever-receding rainbow, the mocking will-o'-the-wisp, intangible as the golden mist of dawn, irrepressible as the perfume of a rose, irresistible as the song of the siren. She was unexpectedness in person, a quirk in the accepted order of things, elusive as fame, fleeting as moonbeams.

Susan had a larger collection of unhappy hearts pinned up in the specimen cabinet of her affections than any other woman in her set. Even her enemies admitted this, adding thereto some spiteful, venomous thing which was intended to blunt the point—but didn't. Not that she had escaped unscathed when the City of Eros fell, for she had not. She had been seized upon by a giant among the pygmies, and lashed to the chariot wheel of matrimony. Instantly she became a demure, sedate wife, enslaving as she was enslaved, adoring as she was adored.

But it were damming the waters of Lethe to repress effectually the charm, the effervescence, the Susanism of Susan. She was still adorable from the tips of her boots to the last riotous strands of her head. There was an indisputable unanimity of masculine opinion on this last point. And her whims and caprices were still the only laws she recognized save when the master spoke, and she bowed in grateful submission.

This was Susan. Perhaps the stately Mrs. Wetmore described her more tersely when she said she was feather-headed. Be that as it may, Susan was Susan—irrevocably, everlastingly and eternally Susan.

II

SUSAN was thoughtfully nibbling a *biscuit Tortoni* in one corner of a Broadway confectionery shop when the door opened and—enter a young man. He was tall and straight and clean-cut; a personal compliment to his tailor and hatter and bootmaker. There was a glowing tan on his cheeks, pleasant lines about his mouth, and the languor of idleness in his eyes. Susan glanced around inquiringly.

"Why, Dan Wilbur!" she exclaimed.

The young man turned with quick interest.

"Sue Courtenay!"

It was almost enthusiasm. He reached the table in three strides, and two strong hands closed over one delicately-gloved one.

"Not Courtenay now, Dan," Susan corrected. "Mrs. Lieutenant Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland, if you please."

She sat up primly under the burden of that imposing name and withdrew the gloved hand. Mr. Wilbur reluctantly allowed it to flutter away, then sat down on the opposite side of the table with mingled inquiry and surprise on his face.

"All that?" he asked. "Since when?"

"Oh, for more than two years. Hadn't you heard?"

"But what became of Charlie Beckwith?"

"Oh, he's married." Susan smiled charmingly.

"But you were engaged to ——"

"Do try one of these *biscuits*, Dan. They're delicious."

"And then there was Julian Blackwell."

Susan shrugged her shoulders.

"And Frank Camp?"

Susan merely nibbled.

"And Ed Rainey?" he went on accusingly.

"Oh, please, Dan, don't call the roll like that," Susan pleaded. "It isn't nice, really. Some of them are married and seem to be glad of it, and the others are not married and they seem to be equally glad of it."

"And, please, who is this Lieutenant—er—er —— Would you mind saying it all over again?"

"Lieutenant Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland."

"Phew! Well, who *is* he?"

"Oh, you never met him," Susan assured him. "Society has been initiated into the army since you went away. But he's the dearest, darlingest ——"

"Yes, of course. But after that?"

"Well, he's an army officer. He happened along after you went away three years ago, and—and just married me."

Mr. Wilbur was leaning forward on the table thoughtfully stroking his chin. There was almost an incredulous expression in the listless eyes as he gazed at her.

"An army officer," he repeated. "Well, would you mind telling me how—why did—say, how did he do it?"

"Oh, I don't know, quite," Susan explained serenely. "He asked me to marry him and I said no, and he asked me again and I said no, and he asked me *again* and I said no. And then he just went ahead and married me, anyway."

Mr. Wilbur smiled.

"I suppose that's the only way it could ever have been done—by main strength," he remarked after a while. "But you didn't deserve any better, Sue. I'm glad he did it."

"So am I."

A smile flickered about Susan's lips, and from the bottomless blue eyes came a flash which set Mr. Wilbur's well-ordered nerves a-tingling. He drew a long breath.

"Married!" he remarked at last. "Well, by George!"

Susan regarded him severely, with a haughty uplifting of her brows and a prim expression about the scarlet mouth. Of course, it was all right for him to be surprised—she had expected him, even wanted him, to be surprised—but not *so* surprised. Why, it was—it was almost insulting.

"And where have you been for three years?" she queried at last, dutifully.

"Everywhere, almost," Mr. Wilbur replied. "Around the world once, just knocking about, and now I'm about to start on another lap. I came in yesterday from Liverpool, and this afternoon I'm starting for San Francisco to catch a steamer for the Philippines. I'm to join the Mortons at Manila for a cruise in the Sea of Japan, and, later, through Suez to the Mediterranean."

"This afternoon? All sudden like that?" Susan demanded. "Can't you stay over a few days?" She simply had to ask that, because Dan really was a nice chap, you know.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mr. Wilbur. "It's rather purposeless, hanging around New York, and traveling is something to do, you know." He paused and stared straight into Susan's blue eyes. "Married! By George!"

Susan favored him with a frown of reproach, which was suddenly lost in a bewildering smile, and again the unfathomable depths of her eyes flashed.

"And why are you here? Who is the girl *this* time?"

Mr. Wilbur shook his head.

"No, girl," he said. "I came over merely to sign some papers to close up my grandfather's estate. I'm to do that at twelve o'clock, and at three I get a train west." Mr. Wilbur gazed into eyes suddenly grown pensive. "Sue, marriage has improved you. You are even better-looking than you used to be."

The shimmering head was tilted back daringly, the lids drooped for an instant, then the head came forward again, and the blue wells of promises unfulfilled renewed their promises.

"Dan, I know it," she replied.

"And more of a flirt than ever," Mr. Wilbur mused complacently. Susan's scarlet mouth twitched invitingly. "Yes, a flirt—an outrageous, unconscionable flirt!"

"No," Susan denied pleasantly.

"You were always a flirt."

"Well, of course, I won't say—I'm not a flirt *now*, anyway."

"Nature is immutable," Mr. Wilbur went on accusingly; "therefore, if you *were* a flirt you *are* a flirt."

Susan was almost on the point of smiling again when it occurred to her that it might be injudicious—indiscreet even—in view of the expression on Mr. Wilbur's face, and she suddenly assumed a gravity portentous with meaning.

"I should be willing to stake the gloves," Mr. Wilbur continued mercilessly, "that you have led your husband a chase."

"Why, Dan, that isn't true, and it isn't fair to say such a thing," Susan denied reproachfully. "It isn't like you to be—to be ungracious."

For an instant Mr. Wilbur awaited the illuminating smile, but her face continued serious.

"I beg your pardon," he said at last. "I didn't mean it to be as solemn as all that, really. But don't you remember that night in the Casino at Newport when ——"

"Dan!"

"There never was another moon in the world like that and ——"

"Dan Wilbur!"

"And that double seat in the horseshoe where ——"

"Mr. Wilbur!"

The young man leaned back in his chair and smiled into the pouting face before him. The pouting face continued serious—grew painfully so, in fact—and after a moment the under lip trembled the least bit.

"Sue, I didn't intend to hurt you," apologized Mr. Wilbur almost hastily. "I was only ——"

"I'm not a—a what you said I was," she protested. "You are never to think of me that way. I am Mrs. Lieutenant ——"

"Paul ——"

"Abercrombie ——"

"Harwell ——"

"Rowland," she finished desperately. "Dan Wilbur, you make me so angry I could—could choke you, nearly. I won't have you say I'm a flirt even ——"

"If you are?"

Susan thrust a spoon viciously into the *biscuit* and her eyes shone moistly limpid.

"That isn't what I mean at all," she protested angrily.

Mr. Wilbur suddenly relinquished his tone of banter and leaned forward again with his arms resting on the table.

"Now, let's be friends," he urged. "We may not see each other again for a long time, and we must be friends. Now, I'll have to be at my lawyer's office at noon, but I shall have finished by one o'clock. Won't you forgive me? And won't you prove your forgiveness by having luncheon with me?"

"No," Susan flashed.

"I'm going away this afternoon and it may be for several years. Please?"

"No," Susan repeated stoutly. "I don't care if you are—I mean I'm sorry you are going away, but I won't."

One of Mr. Wilbur's hands touched the tip of her gloved finger, and she primly withdrew it.

"Is it a matter of principle?" he asked. "Is it because I have offended you? Or is it—just because?"

"It's—it's just because, Dan," and the lids fluttered down. After a moment she went on: "I'm perfectly happy, Dan—I never knew I could be so happy—and I'm the least bit afraid that Paul is the least bit jealous; and besides," she continued triumphantly, "I couldn't have luncheon with you, anyway, because—now I'll prove I'm *not* a flirt—because I'm to meet my husband at one and have luncheon with him—*my husband*, do you understand?"

"Your own husband!" mused Mr. Wilbur.

"My own husband," Susan repeated. "And I won't take you along, either, because after what you've said I—well, I won't take you. Really, Dan, if you weren't going away I'd almost say I hated you, but I don't really. You're a nice boy—sometimes." And a dazzling smile was his reward.

"Susan," Mr. Wilbur reproved sternly, "are you trying to flirt with me?"

"No," she stormed.

III

BUT man proposes and business interposes. So it came about that Susan's husband—Lieutenant Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland—did not appear to take her to luncheon. Instead, at the appointed time and place, Lieutenant Faulkner, U. S. A., arose before her with an explanation.

"Paul got a hurry call from the Army and Navy Building for a conference at one o'clock," he informed her, "and they'll probably gas all afternoon. So he sent me on to take you to chow at Sherry's. Come along."

Susan accepted the situation philosophically, and thus it came to pass that a few minutes later they were safely ensconced at a table together. The waiter took the order, then rushed away, while Lieutenant Faulkner stared silently at Susan for a time.

"Say, Sue," he inquired suddenly, "do you happen to know a Miss Stanwood—Marjorie Stanwood?"

"Marjorie Stanwood?" Susan repeated thoughtfully. "No, I don't believe I do. Why?"

"I want to meet her, and I don't know anybody who knows her," the Lieutenant explained.

Susan's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, that's it!" she taunted gleefully. "Who is she?"

"She's the only daughter of a man who has so much money he has to spend all his time dodging process-servers," Lieutenant Faulkner informed her. "Why, Sue, he's got bales of it; one of these chaps that the muck-rakers pin up against the wall and do tricks with. If the sum total was written in figures you couldn't pronounce it. *Sabe?*"

"Oh, it's the money, then?" Susan accused him.

"No. She could hang her hat on my rack if she didn't have more than—than two or three millions to her name."

"Pretty?"

"Cleopatra's clean out of the money."

"Where did you meet her?"

"I haven't met her—that's what's the matter. I want to find somebody who knows somebody who knows somebody who knows her."

"Where did you see her, then?"

"At the opera," replied the Lieutenant. "Why, Sue, she's the prettiest thing that ever lived in the world, except—except ——"

Susan waited confidently.

"Except who?" she inquired.

"Except a Spanish woman who tried to stick a machete under my fifth rib during some hand-to-hand scrapping in the Philippines," replied the Lieutenant reminiscently. "She was the prettiest thing that ever!"

Susan sat up haughtily.

"And, pray, what is my number on your list?" she inquired.

"Oh, of course, you beat 'em all," replied Lieutenant Faulkner absently. "But, Sue, you ought to see her!"

"I have no interest whatever in her," remarked Susan coldly. "I dare say she paints, anyway."

"Well, if she does, Michael Angelo was a cartoonist."

"Or is thin and slatty-looking!"

"Hebe was not in the same class."

"Or her nose is red."

"Her nose!" the Lieutenant rhapsodized. "Why, Sue, her nose is—is —— Say, I don't know how pretty Helen of Troy was, but I'll bet if she had ever taken one look at Marjorie Stanwood she'd have hit it up 'cross country to the beauty specialists. And Venus? Why, she'd go hide her head in a sack."

Susan was miffed. All women are miffed when man takes occasion to remark upon the beauty of another woman. She stabbed an olive, the scarlet lips curled disdainfully, and there was an aggressive slant to her shimmering head.

"Marjorie," she remarked. "Such a messy-sounding name."

"Marjorie!" repeated Lieutenant Faulkner. He pronounced it as if it were a bonbon. "I can imagine an angel named Marjorie—an angel with ——"

"A red nose," Susan put in—"a thin, slatty-looking angel."

Lieutenant Faulkner dropped back into his chair with an air of resignation.

"I was thinking," he observed at last, "that you might go out of your way to help a fellow meet her. Don't you remember that night when I proposed to you, and ——"

"There were so many nights," Susan complained.

"Well, that last night when you turned me down hard! What did I do? Didn't I go straight and bring Paul over and introduce him to you? And didn't you marry him? Turn about is fair play. It's your turn to help me. *Sabe?*"

Susan was thoughtful for a little while, and then a furtive smile grew until it utterly obliterated the woefully aggrieved expression of her face.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said graciously. "I'll get you a bid to the Sanger ball, Thursday night, and perhaps ——"

"Will she be there?" the Lieutenant demanded eagerly.

"I dare say she will, if she goes anywhere, and I'll see that you are introduced, anyway."

"Sue, you're a good girl," exclaimed the Lieutenant. "Tout along my game some. Tell her there wasn't anybody at Manila but me and Dewey. You perhaps don't know that I'm the most promising young man in the United States Army? Well, I am, even if the officials won't admit it. Tell that to her. One of these days I'm going to be a general, and think of the uniforms I could buy with Stanwood money? I'd look like a sunburst."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," reproved Susan. "I'll merely introduce you, and you may fight your own battle."

The soup came, and the fish. At the entrée Susan dropped her fork.

"Goodness gracious!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter? Do you see Marjorie?"

"No, silly. Don't look back—*please*, don't look back." She leaned across the table breathlessly. "Do you happen to know Dan Wilbur?"

"Don't think I ever heard of him. Is he one of your string?"

"Why, it's perfectly awful!" Susan exploded. "I refused to go to luncheon with him because I told him—I told him —— Gracious me!"

"What's the excitement?" insisted Lieutenant Faulkner.

Susan's lips were suddenly frozen into a smile which was not wholly forbidding, but it wasn't anything else, and she nodded over Lieutenant Faulkner's shoulder at some one behind him.

"Don't look—oh, please, don't look," she pleaded desperately. "I hope—I *do* hope—he doesn't come over here."

Lieutenant Faulkner's occupation in life was obeying orders, unless, perchance, he was giving them. And now he sat perfectly still, with an inquiring uplift of his brows.

"What's Mr. Wilbur going to do?" he inquired at last—"throw a plate at us?"

"Certainly Not," Replied Miss Stanwood Firmly

"I can't tell you—I can't explain—but he's coming—he's coming—and ——"

The Lieutenant straightened up in his chair. He wanted to do the right thing, whatever that might be, and the deep perturbation on Susan's face indicated a need of action.

"Shall I give Mr. Wilbur a poke?" he queried.

"Oh, goodness, no," exclaimed Susan. The Lieutenant was willing, but impassive. "Just don't speak—don't *say* anything—don't do *any*thing! Are you *sure* you've never met him?"

"Well, I wouldn't take an oath that I hadn't, but ——" the Lieutenant began.

"Sh-h-h-h! He's coming!"

Lieutenant Faulkner proceeded calmly with the entrée. After a moment some one appeared beside him. He glanced up, barely.

"Oh, Dan, I'm so glad to see you again," Susan bubbled. "I hadn't expected that—that ——" and she really hadn't expected it. "Do let me introduce you. Mr. Wilbur, this is—this is *the Lieutenant*. Lieutenant, permit me—Mr. Wilbur."

Lieutenant Faulkner arose to take the proffered hand.

"I'm very glad, indeed, to meet you, Lieutenant," Mr. Wilbur assured him.

Lieutenant Faulkner considered the matter calmly, carefully and dispassionately as he sought some illuminating suggestion in Susan's face. But there was nothing; he was alone to struggle out the best way he could.

"Thank you," he ventured at last.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Rowland here some years ago," Mr. Wilbur continued, "and I ran across her accidentally this morning. I presume congratulations are too late now?"

"Really, it's a matter of no consequence," replied Lieutenant Faulkner with the utmost unconcern. "Pray, don't mention it."

Mr. Wilbur looked slightly surprised, that was all.

"I tried to induce Mrs. Rowland to permit me ——" he began.

"Lieutenant, do you know what time it is?" demanded Susan suddenly. There was a warning excitement in the tone; Lieutenant Faulkner glanced up.

"No. What time *is* it?" he demanded, as if startled.

"Our engagement you remember at half-past one, and here it is *twenty minutes to two* and ——"

Lieutenant Faulkner arose suddenly.

"I had no idea it was so late," he declared valiantly, in deep concern. "Hadn't we better go at once?"

"Just what I was thinking," remarked Susan hurriedly. "Awfully sorry not to have seen more of you, Dan. Important engagement, you know. Awful hurry. Good-by. Pleasant trip."

IV

CLEVERNESS in conversation doesn't necessarily consist in the number of words used. Lieutenant Faulkner, U. S. A., was demonstrating this to Miss Marjorie Stanwood. He had met her ten minutes before, and already knew the size of her glove, what flowers she preferred, and her plans for the next three months. He had discovered, too, that she was quite the most wonderful woman in the world; that unutterable things lay in the lambent eyes, and that she was born in April, the month of diamonds.

On her side Miss Stanwood knew that Lieutenant Faulkner was an officer in the United States Army; that he came of an old F. F. V.; that he had seen service in the Philippines; that he adored brown hair—*her* hair was brown; that he wouldn't look the second time at any woman whose eyes were not dark brown—*her* eyes were dark brown; and that his ideal of physical perfection in woman would weigh one hundred and twenty-seven and a half pounds, and be five feet four and a half inches tall. Strangely enough, she weighed just one hundred and twenty-seven and a half pounds, and her height was precisely five feet four and a half inches.

So it may be seen they were progressing. And without the kindly offices of Susan, too. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it had not fallen to Susan's lot to introduce them; in fact, Miss Stanwood and Susan were unknown to each other. The stately Mrs. Wetmore just happened to be acquainted with both—Lieutenant Faulkner and Miss Stanwood—and brought them together, quite unconscious of the seething turbulence which lay behind the uniform of the army man. Ever since that blissful instant when they met they had been sitting together in a nook under the stairs in earnest conversation.

"You're going to give me some dances, of course," said Lieutenant Faulkner.

"*Some* dances?" inquired Miss Stanwood.

"Yes, some, several, more than a few," explained the unabashed Lieutenant. "Let me see your card."

She handed it over and he examined it carefully.

"I'll take the second," he remarked, "and the block of four, five, six and seven, then the ninth and the 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"But that's all I have left," protested Miss Stanwood.

"Too bad," commented the Lieutenant. "If I'd only met you a few minutes before I might have had them all. Guess that'll have to do, though."

"But, Lieutenant, really I ——"

"Say, I think I know this fellow Wiggins who has the third dance," interrupted the Lieutenant. "Maybe I could arrange it ——"

"No," exclaimed Miss Stanwood positively. "It's perfectly ridiculous."

Suddenly she burst out laughing. Lieutenant Faulkner drew back and gazed at her in a sort of trance. It suggested rippling waters, and birds singing, and the tinkling of silver bells, and—and—it was simply immense, that's all. When the little whirlwind of merriment had passed the Lieutenant drew a deep sigh.

"Remember that night at the opera?" he queried.

"What night? What opera?"

"The night I saw you first. You were sitting in a box on the second tier."

"I didn't know you had ever seen me," remarked Miss Stanwood. "When was it?"

"At the opera, that night I was there."

"But *what* night? What opera was it?"

Lieutenant Faulkner stared at her blankly for an instant.

"I don't remember," he confessed. "I don't think I looked at the stage after I saw you."

Miss Stanwood regarded him doubtfully for a moment while the color tingled in her cheeks.

"Surely you know the name of the opera?" she insisted.

"Oh, it was that thing with the devil in it."

Again Miss Stanwood laughed. It was the seductive harmony of a wind-swept lute, the gurgling coo of a dove in a shady dell, the—the—Lieutenant Faulkner nervously mopped a feverish brow.

"Faust," she gasped at last. And the laugh died away. "You saw me that night? What did you think of me?"

Lieutenant Faulkner started to tell her in detail, but changed his mind. Whether it was sudden timidity or lack of a sufficient supply of roseate adjectives doesn't appear.

"Stunning!" he declared at last, fervently. "I knew your father, of course, by sight—seen his picture, you know, and all that—but I never knew he had a daughter—at least *such* a daughter! The moment I did know it I began to look for some one who knew the daughter, and ——"

He floundered helplessly and stopped. Miss Stanwood was gazing at him in frank disapproval.

"Are all army officers like you?" she demanded coldly.

"No," returned Lieutenant Faulkner readily. "Far be it from me to shower bouquets upon myself, but I may say they are not all like me."

"Really, you're a very extraordinary young man."

"Guess so," he admitted with a grin. "That's what old Sore Toe said of me once."

"Old Sore Toe!" repeated Miss Stanwood in amazement. "Pray, who is *he*, or what is *it?*"

"Oh, of course, you don't know," the Lieutenant apologized. "Old Sore Toe—General Underwood; that's his army name; he always has the gout."

But Lieutenant Faulkner didn't tell her why that distinguished soldier and disciplinarian had said it, which showed that the Lieutenant had some semblance of modesty, for the happening which evoked the comment was one of those desperate, daredevil undertakings of guerrilla warfare when the soldier must forget, for his country's sake, the fact that life is of any particular value. These incidents are too rarely known to history; Lieutenant Faulkner was not the kind of man to write it there.

Miss Stanwood sat silent for a little while. With a vague feeling of having offended her the Lieutenant picked up the dance card mutely and stared at it.

"Say," he pleaded, "won't you please let me go shoo Wiggins off?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Stanwood firmly, and just at that moment a partner appeared to claim her.

Lieutenant Faulkner wandered away disconsolately and chanced upon Dan Wilbur. It occurred to him that something beyond a nod was necessary, but just what it was he couldn't determine. So he nodded; that was safe, anyway.

"Where is Mrs. Rowland?" inquired Mr. Wilbur.

"Couldn't tell you," replied the Lieutenant hastily. And that seemed safe.

He hurried on, glad of an opportunity to leave Mr. Wilbur alone. Mr. Wilbur stared after him a moment curiously. The Lieutenant found Susan over near the door.

"Saw that Wilbur chap back there," he remarked inconsequentially.

"Here?" exclaimed Susan, and a startled expression drove the color from her face.

She stood with downcast eyes. The

(Continued on Page 25)

Where are the Ships Our Ships Have Met?

By Thomas Lomax Hunter

OUR navies of the long ago,
'Tis so the annals do relate,
Were by the Critics rated low;
Poor feeble hulks foredoomed of fate.
Their crews were weak, their guns lacked weight—
But tell us, ye who do regret
Our follies and our faults berate,
Where are the ships our ships have met?

They wrote that she was weak and slow.
The Bon Homme Richard's bosun's mate,
The Critics said, had told them so.
A hulk she was, not fit for freight;
A tub that one would hesitate
To venture with out in the wet;
***Her* victories we celebrate—**
Where are the ships our ships have met?

The Critics came to see the show
When Perry 'gan to fabricate
His greenwood fleet. They watched it grow,
Convinced the enemy would straight
Make these poor rafts capitulate.
They wailed themselves into a fret—
We *know* how Perry fared. Please state
Where are the ships our ships have met?

ENVOI

Admiral, ere we heed these great
Yarns of distress, we'd better get
Our Naval Critic to narrate,
Where are the ships our ships have met?

MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

Mostly Young and Usually Impecunious

Bohemian Days and Comrades

By WILLIAM WINTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN C. WALL

THE Boston of to-day presents a strong contrast with the Boston of fifty or sixty years ago. Then it was an American Puritan city. Now it is spacious and splendid. Then it was comparatively small and staid. Now it is pervaded with commotion and the attendant racket. Then it was all tranquillity.

Now it does not hold undisputed and indisputable preeminence in literature and journalism. Then it was—and was rightly called—the Athens of America.

In those days I was familiar with every part of it. As a boy I dwelt and sported on old Fort Hill—since reduced to a plain—and made my playground all along the waterside, from Constitution Wharf to Charlestown Bridge. The Common, the Back Bay, the dry-docks, the India Wharf warehouses, of which the doors often stood open, diffusing delicious, alluring odors of cinnamon and cedar; the Tea Wharf, with its story of Revolutionary times; the granite Custom House, then new, and seeming wonderful; the Quincy Market, then considered a marvel of architecture—all those things, and many more, were known to me. Many a time did I gaze, awestricken, at the grim old mansion, deserted and silent, frowning behind its huge walls, in High Street, called and known as Harris' Folly. Many a time did I rove through Theatre Alley, and look with juvenile curiosity on the theatre in Federal Street—little dreaming that the Stage was to be the principal theme of my thoughts and writings throughout a long, laborious life. From the top of Fort Hill there was, in the vicinity of Hamilton Street, a mysterious winding stairway of stone, down which the adventurous truant could make his way to the precincts of the docks, where much of my boyhood was spent, in consort with other vagrant lads; and many a happy hour did I pass there—sometimes practically investigating newly-landed cargoes of sugar; sometimes reclining on the sun-warmed planks of the silent piers and dreaming over the prospect of the moving ships and the distant islands of Boston Harbor.

Boston Men of Letters

THOSE were the days in which I began to write what I thought was poetry; and soon, as years slipped away and golden youth arrived, I began to concern myself with the affairs of magazines and newspapers and the making of books. The publications of that period were singularly different from those of the present day. Charles G. Greene, facetious and satirical, was editing the Post; George Lunt, scholar-like, trenchant and independent, was editing the Courier—with the brilliant Charles T. Congdon as an editorial writer. Those were the most powerful of the newspapers. Among the periodicals to which I obtained access were the Transcript, the Olive Branch and the Saturday Evening Gazette—my association with each of them, only that of an occasional contributor, being very pleasant. The Olive Branch was edited by Louise Chandler, in after years, and now, highly distinguished as Louise Chandler Moulton. The Gazette was edited by William Warland Clapp, author of that valuable book, A Record of the Boston Stage, which contains a compact history of theatrical affairs in Boston from 1849 to 1853; his assistants were Adam W. Thaxter and Benjamin P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), the latter a loved and cherished friend of mine to the end of his days, and one of the simplest and kindest of men.

A German Named Pfaff

The Atlantic Monthly, started in 1857, with Frank Underwood as editor speedily led the field in literary authority. The august luminaries of literature—Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Whittier, Whipple—clustered around that magazine, and likewise around the old bookstore at the corner of Washington and School Streets, in which the presiding genius was the handsome James T. Fields, then in the zenith of health, happiness and popularity. Him I had the pleasure to know. Epes Sargent, who wrote A Life on the Ocean Wave—which the popular vocalist Russell always sang, A Life on the Ocean *Sea*—was prominent then, and, being a townsman of mine, as Whipple was (we were all natives of Gloucester), he was friendly to me and propitious toward my verse. A dapper, elegant little man he was, I remember, neatly attired, swinging a thin, dainty, black bamboo cane and often seeming flushed with generous feeling.

Benjamin Muzzey was one of the leading publishers of that time, a fine, portly person, who brought forth several piratical editions of Festus, and largely profited by them. Many years later (in 1897), at Nottingham, England, I had the honor to meet the author of that remarkable poem, Philip James Bailey, at his home, and I found it mortifying to hear him say that he had never received "even a sixpence" from the sale of his book in America, although apprised that the sale there had been very large. (Incidentally, as to Festus Bailey, a somewhat comical fact was mentioned to me by his nephew, an eminent scholar and kindly gentleman, curator of the fine museum at Nottingham. We had been speaking of the hardy constitution of the poet, unimpaired even at his great age. "What do you think he has, every night, for his midnight supper?" asked my friendly acquaintance. "You could never guess. Hot Scotch whisky and cold suet pudding!")

But I must not linger on the scene of early youth. It would be easily possible to descant on the conditions of the Modern Athens of fifty years ago. I found them oppressive, and I was eager to make my escape from them—as presently, after some experience as an author, a journalist, a political speaker, a lecturer, and a member of the Suffolk bar, I did.

When I made my home in New York, in the last days of 1859, there was a circle of writers, existent there, called Bohemians. Those writers did not designate themselves by that name, but it had been applied to them by others, and it had grown to be their distinctive title. Some of those writers had already become personally known to me; all of them soon became my companions.

I had not been many days in the city before I was engaged, by Henry Clapp, Jr., to be sub-editor of his paper, the Saturday Press, a weekly publication that he had started in 1858, and that, all along, had led, and was still leading, a precarious existence; and with that paper I remained associated till its suspension, in December, 1860. The purpose of the Saturday Press was to speak the truth, and to speak it in a way that would amuse its readers and would cast ridicule upon as many as possible of the humbugs then extant and prosperous in literature and art.

Clapp was an original character. We called him "The Oldest Man." His age was unknown to us. He seemed to be very old, but, as afterward I ascertained, he was then only forty-six. In appearance he was somewhat suggestive of the portrait of Voltaire. He was a man of slight, seemingly fragile but really wiry figure, bearded, gray, with keen, light blue eyes, a haggard visage, a vivacious manner, and a thin, incisive voice. He spoke the French language with extraordinary fluency, and natives of France acknowledged that he spoke it with a perfect accent. He had long resided in Paris, and, indeed, in his temperament, his mental constitution and his conduct of life, he was more a Frenchman than an American.

A Sting for the Pharisee

AT THE time of our first meeting I knew but little of his mercurial character and his vicissitudinous career, but with both of them I presently became acquainted. He was brilliant and buoyant in mind, impatient of the commonplace, intolerant of smug, ponderous, empty, obstructive respectablity; prone to sarcasm, and he had for so long a time lived in a continuous, bitter conflict with conventionality that he had become reckless of public opinion. His delight was to shock the commonplace mind and to sting the hide of the Pharisee with the barb of satire. He had met with crosses, disappointment and sorrow, and he was wayward and erratic; but he possessed both the faculty of taste and the instinctive love of beauty, and, essentially, he was an apostle of the freedom of thought.

Clapp was born in the island of Nantucket, November 11, 1814. In early life he associated himself with the Church, espoused, as a lecturer and writer, the cause of temperance, and actively labored for the Anti-Slavery movement in New England, following the leadership of that foremost abolitionist, Nathaniel P. Rogers, of New Hampshire, a man of brilliant ability, now forgotten, to whom he was devotedly attached, and whose name, in later years, he often mentioned to me, and always with affectionate admiration. His early essays in journalism were made in New Bedford, and gradually he drifted into that profession. At one time he edited a newspaper in Lynn, Massachusetts, and once he was arrested and put into prison there, for his audacity and severity in attacking the traffickers in spirituous liquor. His views, on almost all subjects, were of a radical kind, and, accordingly, he excited venomous antagonism. As to the philosophy of social life, he was a disciple of François Charles Fourier, in the translation of whose treatise on The Social Destiny of Man he had a principal hand, when working as secretary to Albert Brisbane. His career, when I was first associated with him, had been, in material results, more or less a failure—as all careers are, or are apt to be, that inveterately run counter to the tide of mediocrity. Such as he was—

withered, bitter, grotesque, seemingly ancient, a good fighter, a kind heart—he was the Prince of our Bohemian circle. His Saturday Press, piquant, satirical, pugnacious, often fraught with quips and jibes relative to unworthy reputations of the hour, and, likewise, it must be admitted, sometimes relative to writers who merited more considerate treatment, eventually failed; but, during its brief existence, it was, in one way, a considerable power for good.

There always has been in literary life, and, notwithstanding the mental alertness and feverish activity of the present day, there still is, a tendency to inertia and dry rot—a tendency that shows itself in the gradual establishment of mediocrities as the shining exemplars of poetry and the potential leaders of thought. Just as there are figureheads now, so there were figureheads then; and Clapp was never weary of chaffing them. Tupper was more popular than Tennyson fifty years ago, and General George P. Morris was actually accepted as the American Tom Moore. Readers of Faust will recall Goethe's satirical comment on the breadth of the summit of Parnassus. The caustic Saturday Press found ample opportunity for satire, and the opportunity was improved—with beneficial results; for, in the long run, it is ever a public advantage that the bubble of fictitious reputation should be punctured. A satirist, however, and especially one who writes "satire with no kindness in it," must expect to be disliked.

The Clever Quips of Clapp

THE Saturday Press was discontinued after a currency of a little more than two years, and for some time after its decease Clapp wrote for the New York Leader, a Democratic weekly, edited by John Clancy and Charles G. Halpine—the latter widely known and much admired, in his day, as Miles O'Reilly. That was in the war-time. About 1866–1867 Clapp resuscitated his weekly in a new form, with the characteristic editorial announcement: "This paper was stopped in 1860, for want of means; it is now started again, for the same reason." The quality of the man's wit is aptly shown in that example of it. His mind was ever ready with quips of that description. It was Clapp who described Horace Greeley (with whom he associated and was well acquainted when they happened to be in Paris at the same time) as "a self-made man that worships his creator"; and it was Clapp who said of a notoriously egotistical clergyman, when asked if he knew what that self-satisfied ecclesiastic was doing: "He is waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity." Over his signature, Figaro, the vivacious old Bohemian, for several years, writing about the stage, afforded amusement to the town; but gradually he drifted into penury, and, although help was not denied to him, he died in destitution, April 2, 1875; and I remember that, after his death, his name was airily traduced by persons who had never manifested even a tithe of his ability or accomplished anything comparable with the service which, notwithstanding his faults and errors, he had rendered to literature and art. His grave is in a cemetery at Nantucket. His epitaph—written by me, but not approved by his only relative then living, and, therefore, not inscribed over his ashes—contains these lines:

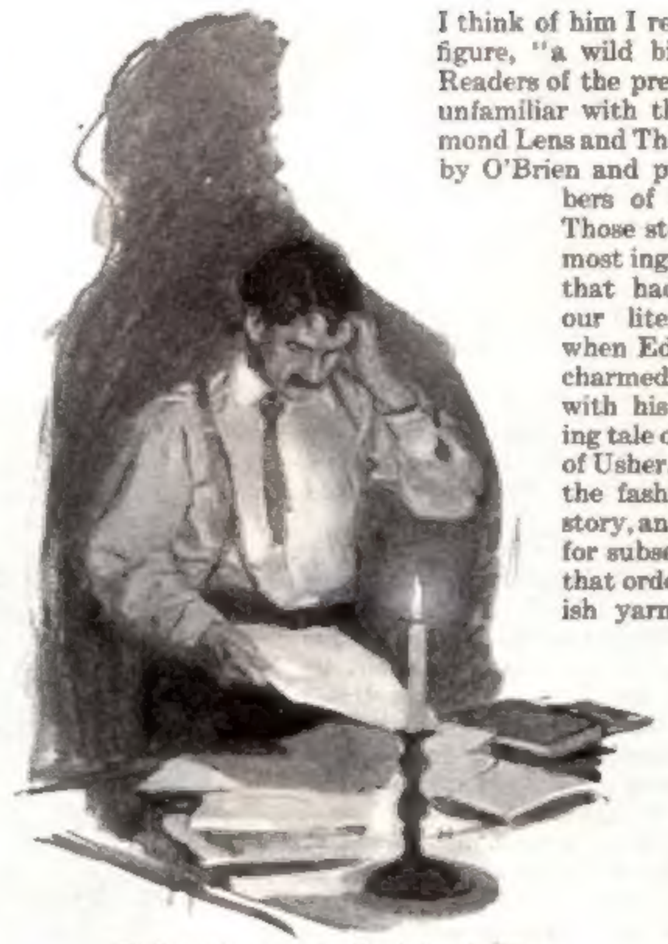
> Wit stops to grieve and Laughter stops to sigh
> That so much wit and laughter e'er could die;
> But Pity, conscious of its anguish past,
> Is glad this tortur'd spirit rests at last.
> His purpose, thought and goodness ran to waste;
> He made a happiness he could not taste:
> Mirth could not help him, Talent could not save:
> Through cloud and storm he drifted to the grave.
> Ah, give his memory—who made the cheer,
> And gave so many smiles—a single tear!

Our place of meeting, in 1859–1860, was a restaurant, in a basement on the west side of Broadway, a short distance north of Bleecker Street, kept by a German named Pfaff. That genial being, long since gone the way of all mankind, had begun his business with a few kegs of beer and with the skill to make excellent coffee. Clapp, who subsisted chiefly on coffee and tobacco, had been so fortunate as to discover that place soon after it was opened. By him it was made known to others, and, gradually, it came to be the haunt of writers and artists, mostly young, and, though usually impecunious, opulent in their youth, enthusiasm, and ardent belief alike in a rosy present and a golden future. The place was roughly furnished, containing a few chairs and tables, a counter, a row of shelves, a clock, and some barrels. At the east end of it, beneath the sidewalk of Broadway, there was a sort of cave in which was a long table, and, after Clapp had assumed the sceptre as Prince of Bohemia, that cave and that table were preëmpted by him and his votaries at certain hours of the day and night, and no stranger ventured to intrude into the magic realm.

"A Friend of Mine Shall Wait on You in the Morning"

Thither came George Arnold—handsome, gay, breezy, good-humored—one of the sweetest poets in our country who have sung the beauties of Nature and the tenderness of true love; and he never came without bringing sunshine. Walt Whitman was often there, clad in his eccentric garb of rough blue-and-gray fabric—his hair and beard grizzled, his keen steel-blue eyes gazing, with bland condescension, on the frolicsome lads around him. Charles Dawson Shanly—a charming essayist and a graceful poet, quaint in character, sweet in temperament, modest and gentle in bearing—was a regular visitor to the Bohemian table. N. G. Shepherd—one of the most picturesque of human beings, a man of genius, whose poems, never yet collected, ought to be better known than they now are—was seldom absent from the evening repast, a festivity in which, contrary to general belief, the frugality of poverty was ever more clearly exhibited than the luxury of riches or the prodigality of revel. That singular being, Charles D. Gardette, who wrote The Fire Fiend, and, for a time, rejoiced in luring the public into a belief that it was a posthumous poem by Edgar Poe, was conspicuous there for daintiness of person, elegance of attire and blithe animal spirits. Frank Wood and Henry Neil, young journalists of fine ability, were frequently present; both of them died in youth, with their promise unfulfilled. The most fashionable visitor was Edward G. P. Wilkins, then dramatic critic for the New York Herald; a great favorite with the elder James Gordon Bennett; remarkable for extraordinary facility in literary composition, for quaint, playful humor, for intimate knowledge and keen observation of human nature, and for a quizzical manner, bland and suave, but suggestive of arch, mischievous, veiled pleasantry. Wilkins was singularly self-contained, yet it was not difficult, when in his company, to feel that his secret thought was one of satirical banter. Among the artists who came to Pfaff's were Launt Thompson, George Boughton, Edward F. Mullen and Sol Eytinge, Jr.—he whom Charles Dickens declared to have made the best illustrations for his novels and the best portrait of himself. The most striking figure of the group was Fitz-James O'Brien.

When Clapp started the Saturday Press—which he did in association with Edward Howland, October 29, 1858—he engaged T. B. Aldrich to write book reviews, and Fitz-James O'Brien to write about the stage. Neither of those writers long remained in harness. Aldrich had more congenial opportunities, while O'Brien was a man to whom the curb of regular employment was intolerable. Among those Bohemian comrades of mine—all dead and gone now, and mostly forgotten—O'Brien was at once the most robust genius and the most original character. As I think of him I recall Byron's expressive figure, "a wild bird and a wanderer." Readers of the present day are, probably, unfamiliar with the stories of The Diamond Lens and The Wondersmith, written by O'Brien and published in early numbers of the Atlantic Monthly. Those stories were hailed as the most ingenious fabrics of fiction that had been contributed to our literature since the day when Edgar Poe surprised and charmed the reading community with his imaginative, enthralling tale of The Fall of the House of Usher. They revived, indeed, the fashion of the weird short story, and they provided a model for subsequent compositions of that order. A groundless, foolish yarn was set afloat, soon after the publication of The Diamond Lens, to the effect that O'Brien had derived it from one of the manuscripts of William North—the fact being that it was prompted by a remark made to him by Dr. A. L. Carroll (he who, for a short time, in 1865, carried on the comic paper called Mrs. Grundy), relative to the marvelous things contained in a drop of water.



He Remained in that Lodging for Two Nights and a Day

North, who wrote the novel called The Man of the World—at first named The Slave of the Lamp—was a comrade of O'Brien's, but they quarreled, and in that novel North described and satirized his former friend under the name of Fitz-Gammon O'Bouncer. North committed suicide, November 13, 1854, at Number 7 Bond Street, New York, by drinking prussic acid—disappointment in love and in everything else being the cause of his deplorable act. He was about twenty-eight years of age, a native of England, a scion of the Guildford family, and, both in London and New York, he had worked incessantly with his pen—writing stories in such magazines as the old Graham's and the Knickerbocker, and contributing in various ways to the press. An envelope was found on his desk containing twelve cents, with a few written words, stating that to be the fruit of his life's labor.

The Anecdote of the Glass Eye

IT WAS not to William North, however, nor to anybody else, that Fitz-James O'Brien was indebted for the inspiration of his writings. Some of them were produced under my personal observation. Others were made known to me immediately after they had been composed. His fine poem of The Fallen Star was written in my lodging, and I still preserve the first draft of it, which Fits left on my table, together with the pen with which he wrote it. His singular story of The Wondersmith grew out of an anecdote related by Clapp in my presence. "Once, while I was working for Albert Brisbane" (so, in substance, said the old Prince of our Bohemia), "I had to read to him, of an evening, many pages of a translation that I had made, for his use, of Fourier's book on the Social Destiny of Man. He was closely attentive and seemed to be deeply interested; but, after a time, I heard a slight snore, and, looking at him in profile, I saw that he was sound asleep—and yet the eye that I could see *was wide open*. Then and thus I discovered, what I never knew before, that he had a glass eye." There was some talk, ensuing, about the use of glass eyes, and about the startling effects producible by the wearer of such an optic who should suddenly remove it from his visage, polish it and replace it. In his story of The Wondersmith, O'Brien causes the uncanny keeper of the toys to place a glass eye as a watcher—investing that orb with the faculty of sight and the means of communication.

At twilight on a gloomy autumn day in 1860, when I happened to be sitting alone at the long table under the sidewalk in Pfaff's cave, O'Brien came into that place and took a seat near to me. His face was pale and careworn, and his expression preoccupied and dejected. He was, at first, silent; but, presently, he inquired whether I intended to go to my lodging, saying that he would like to go there with me, and to write something that he had in mind. I knew O'Brien and I comprehended at once the dilemma in which he was placed. Our circle of boys had a name for it. He was "on a rock"—that is, he was destitute.

I told him that I had something to do that would keep me absent for an hour, at the end of which time I would

(Continued on Page 28)

DORIS HAS HER WAY

"No Dramatics, Dad," said Doris Quietly

By Bert Leston Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

PETER WILKINS flung down the offending magazine and smote the porch table with a clenched fist. "Well, curse his impudence, anyway!" said he.

"Lovely, Dad!" chirped the younger daughter. "With a few rehearsals you'd be a scream as a Testy Old Gentleman."

"Doris!" said Mrs. Wilkins, from force of habit.

Julia, the elder daughter, raised her eyes languidly from the current number of the Settlement Workers' Journal, and directed them at her sister in cold reproof.

"Don't be vulgar, Doris," said she.

"Oh, dear no!" returned the unabashed juvenile. "Be a lady sociologist instead." She posed the character, and, with chin lifted to a supercilious angle, she mimicked: "When one sees about us these wan faces, too often dirty, one sometimes wonders whether the cause is to be found in low wages and unsanitary surroundings, or rather in a moral lethargy which it is our duty, I may say our privilege, to correct."

"Doris," said the mother, "it isn't nice of you to ridicule the language that Julia learns at the Settlements. I am sure it is more refined and ladylike than the slang you pick up at those dreadful vaudeville shows."

"My *language*, as you call it, needs no defense," Julia interposed tartly.

"Perhaps I didn't use the right word," said Mrs. Wilkins apologetically.

"It's all a matter of taste, Mother dear," said Doris. "I don't care for scientific slang myself."

She sprang up and began batting a tennis ball against the porch steps, finishing with a forehand drive at Julia's pet poodle. The dog lifted its voice in anguish, and Doris discreetly sat down.

Peter Wilkins harked back to the original cause of the family discord.

"I'll discharge every servant on the place!" he said.

"Now, Father, be reasonable," begged Mrs. Wilkins.

"Reasonable!" He glared.

"Try it, Dad," urged Doris. "You might get the habit."

Peter Wilkins rose in a passion.

"Hannah, I've stood enough of this young snip's impudence. She or I had better clear out."

"Doris!" beseeched the mother.

Doris hung her head.

"Father," she quavered, "I will leave your roof—but not as I am, not as I am. I must have slow music, Father, and a Paisley shawl, and a light snow falling. . . . Dad!"

She threw her arms about his neck, and he sat down again, growling like a spent thunderstorm. Doris perched on the arm of his chair.

"The trouble with this family is that we take ourselves too seriously," she cooed.

"Well, what's to be done?" asked Mrs. Wilkins plaintively. "We must take some action about this dreadful scandal."

"Exposé, you mean," amended Doris. "Everything the magazine has said about us is true, even the line about dear little me: I *am* pert, and I *am* slangy, and I *don't* show my parents proper respect."

"If *we're* satisfied, whose business is it?" roared old Peter, banging the porch table again.

"Dear old Dad!" said Doris with an affectionate pat.

"No names have been mentioned," said Julia placidly; "and one isn't obliged to wear a coat which doesn't fit."

"But our friends will know who is meant," said Mrs. Wilkins, "and I sha'n't dare to look them in the face."

"Stuff!" cried Doris. "If you have money you can look all creation in the face. What if we *are* new-rich? Dad made his pile honestly, didn't you, Dad? You needn't answer if you think it would incriminate or degrade you." She stopped an explosion with a kiss. "And we aren't snobs, barring Julia, who pretends to be very democratic and slummy, but who hasn't any more use for the smelly proletariat than *I* have."

Julia ignored the thrust.

"There is no call to discharge more than one servant," she remarked judicially. "Only one is guilty."

"The question is, which one?" said Mrs. Wilkins.

"No question about it, Mother dear," Doris answered. "It's James."

Julia smiled scornfully. "Of course you have evidence to justify the accusation."

"Certainly. Have you ever observed James starting for the city? He wears a soft felt hat, a soft collar and a flowing tie. He's the literary sociologist to the life, and it's a wonder to me that Julia hasn't found him out and eloped with him. She's daffy about literary persons."

Julia's face turned scarlet, whereat Doris marveled. She seldom succeeded in ruffling her sister's repose.

"I am willing to part with James," said Mrs. Wilkins. "He has been very careless and absent-minded of late. I do believe the man is in love."

"I have observed that he acts strangely when Doris is about," said Julia. "He can't take his eyes off her."

"Don't be jealous, Julia," rejoined Doris serenely. "You are not the only Aphrodite on the shore."

"Girls!" exclaimed the mother.

"Well," said Peter Wilkins, "if it's James it's James, and, if it isn't James, it's some one else."

"Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous!" Doris murmured.

"Make up your minds about it," ordered the ostensible head of the house, "or I'll discharge the whole pack of them."

A slim, good-looking young man, pale-cheeked and dark of hair, appeared in the doorway.

"Luncheon is served!" he announced.

II

THE summer residence of Peter Wilkins was one of the most complete establishments on Shelter Island. The cottage, a many-columned pile, stood on a terraced slope overlooking the blue of Gardiner's Bay, and the estate lacked nothing which a well-appointed summer place should have. A trig steam yacht, the possession of the junior Wilkins, rode at anchor surrounded by catboats, launches and smaller craft; there were beautiful lawns, parked woods, conservatories; there was a tennis court and a squash court; there were motors in the garage and horses in the stable. What more may the son or daughter of man require in the pleasant summertime?

These items of information were set forth in the opening pages of a "fact story" entitled How the Upper Half Lives, publishing serially in the Observer, a monthly magazine of the more serious sort. The author's name was withheld, but a prefatory note by the editor announced that he was a literary man and sociologist, who, the better to study his subject, had taken service in a well-known family.

The first installment made the house of Wilkins sit up and wonder what was in store for them. As a girl Mrs. Wilkins had waited weekly on the stationer's steps for the latest issue of the New York Ledger; and never since those palmy days of serial fiction had a continued story so absorbed her as How the Upper Half Lives. It was ten times as exciting as Mrs. Southworth or Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.

The initial chapters were taken up with sociological generalities and the broadest outlines of the "plot." The father, wrote the anonymous author, was a crusty old gentleman, eccentric of manner and violent of speech, who fancied that he was the head of the house, but who, like so many American fathers, was bullied and bossed by his children in the most shameless manner. He had made a large fortune trading in one of the necessities, and, having sold out to a trust, was spending his declining years in gratifying the ultimate tastes of his offspring. The mother was a simple-natured woman of New England blood and native refinement, whose voice in family councils was limited to a few exclamations delivered in a tone of gentle rebuke. The elder daughter was a beautiful and reposeful girl of twenty-two, greatly admired in that circle of smart society to which the Wilkinses up to date had succeeded in climbing; but she professed to despise the empty life of a society belle; she was absorbed in intellectual fads, chiefly sociology and Settlement work, having consecrated herself to the task of "finding a solvent for the life about us"—in the quest of which solvent she was assisted by various poets and prose writers, whom she entertained royally at her home on Shelter Island, and who found, in Papa Wilkins' cigars and wines, at least transient relief from what Mr. Chesterton calls the "definite pains" of the artistic temperament.

The younger daughter was dismissed as a pert and slangy young person of eighteen, without proper respect for her parents or anybody else—the sort of child that, when taken abroad, fills Continental parents with amazement. One other member of the family the writer had not yet seen: the son, aged twenty-five, was away visiting. But, doubtless, he was an easily-ticketed type.

Now, all of this was not so bad, and there was little to take offense at; it was only the assurance of further disclosures that kept resentment from cooling. But with the morning on which this tale begins had come the proximate month's Observer, containing the second installment of How the Upper Half Lives, and the expectations of the Wilkins family were more than realized. The portraits lightly sketched in the first paper were brought a step nearer toward completion, and even the victims acknowledged the unknown painter's masterly handling. Julia's portrait was especially opulent; the color was laid on with a trowel. A person without a sense of humor would have said it flattered the young woman; one having the saving sense might have perceived irony in every line.

For a month past the servants had been under close surveillance; but the guilty person must have expected this, and so kept guard upon his speech and movements. The cook was unconsidered; like most cooks, she had been on the premises less than a week. The coachman, the chambermaid and the laundress had come less recently, but, as Doris pointed out, a magazine like the Observer is put together at least a month in advance of publication day. The lady's maid was not worth watching. The butler, the saddle-groom and the chauffeur had been with the family six months; the boatkeeper and the gardener were Greenport natives of many years' acquaintance.

Suspicion, then, was narrowed to three men, and, in the judgment of Doris, it was James first and the rest nowhere. So, when the slim, good-looking young butler announced luncheon, Peter Wilkins glared at him balefully, Mrs. Wilkins regarded him with pathetic interest, and Doris looked at him squarely. Only Julia, patron of the proletariat, ignored him. It was as if a cuckoo had emerged from its wooden nest to announce the passing hour.

III

THE luncheon was attacked in a silence scarcely ruffled by the movements of the soft-footed butler. Presently it was broken as by the crack of a whip.

"James!" said Doris.

He came forward, and the family braced themselves for the unexpected.

"A glass of milk, please," requested Doris in another tone, and the tension was loosed.

The butler went out.

"James may be absent-minded, Mother," said Doris, "but he is alert as cock-robin to-day."

"Sh-h-h!" warned Mrs. Wilkins.

The butler reappeared with the milk, and after serving it drew down the window-shades the fraction of an inch.

"As I was saying," remarked Doris, "the best part of sociology is its slang. Dad would say, for example, that club life is a good thing; but we sociologists speak of the benefits resulting from the establishment of group-relations. And we do not say that a new member has been taken into a club: we speak of a readjustment of relationships."

"What is the girl talking about?" asked Peter Wilkins.

"As usual, about nothing at all," replied Julia acidly.

"James," said Doris, "will you ask Phillip to bring the red car around."

The butler went out, and Doris looked after him perplexedly.

"He never batted an eye, Mother," said she.

But Mrs. Wilkins was reminded of something else.

"Mr. Dawson called this morning, Doris. He says he has warned you twice about reckless driving."

"Dawson is a mollycoddle, Mother."

"Dawson doesn't have to pay the bills, and I do," broke in Peter Wilkins. "You've smashed one car already. Hereafter keep within the law."

"Yes, Daddy," replied the juvenile with unexpected meekness.

When the butler returned he brought a telegram. Peter Wilkins read it, scowled, and passed it to his wife. Mrs. Wilkins read it, sighed, and passed it to Julia. Julia read it, smiled coldly, and passed it to Doris. Doris, of course, read it aloud, for the butler's benefit:

"Have just seen it. Coming home to punch the scoundrel's head off. BOB."

An eloquent silence succeeded. Then ——

"Lovely outlook for the scoundrel," remarked Doris, stirring her tea. "When Bosco Bob begins to function freely, as we sociologists say, he eats 'em alive."

"Doris!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkins.

"You may not know it, Mother, but Bob is a star puncher in the New York Athletic Group-Relation. It will be one, two, three with the scoundrel."

She glanced at James, but his face was expressionless as a brick wall, whereat the young woman wrinkled her forehead. Only years of service could produce so blank a countenance. Was James only a butler, after all? Doris experienced a sharp twinge of disappointment.

The luncheon was finished in silence.

"I am going to the city, Mother," Julia announced, when they rose from the table. "Is there any errand I can do for you?"

"Nothing, dear."

"You might get me a detective's star," said Doris. "Little dearie is going to take a spin up the road, to brush the cobwebs from her brain, and then she is going to the bottom of the Wilkins mystery."

"I wish you luck," said Julia, and left the room.

"Take my word for it," Doris declared, "Julia knows more about this matter than she is willing to tell."

"A little of your sister's reserve would do you no harm, Doris," said the mother, who was very proud of Julia and sympathized with all her intellectual activities. Peter Wilkins indulged the younger daughter, torment though she was. When she pressed him too hard he could blow off steam and roaringly assert himself. But it was never necessary to assert himself with Julia: she never bullied him or questioned his authority. He had an uncomfortable feeling that she accepted him as a sociological fact.

The red car rolled up to the door and Doris donned her hat and veil. As she descended the porch steps a smaller red object caught her eye—a leather notebook lying in the gravel path. She picked it up and turned the pages; then she shut it hastily. The chauffeur was cranking the machine; he had observed nothing.

"Phillip," said Doris, taking the wheel, "the constable has been complaining of us again."

Phillip grinned and took his seat behind.

At that moment the saddle-groom came up the path. His eyes were bent on the ground, as if in search of something, and so preoccupied was he that he started nervously when Doris addressed him.

"Lost something, William?"

"Er—yes, Miss Doris."

"Was it red, William?"

"Yes, Miss Doris."

"Was it leather?"

"Yes, Miss Doris."

"Findings are keepings, William."

She sent the car away with a jump, careered into the highway on two wheels, and arrowed away at a scandalous pace. Phillip sat back complacently. Miss Doris was a mad but a skilful driver.

Miss Doris, however, wished to think, and one cannot think and drive a car at top speed; so she slowed down to less than Constable Dawson's requirement, and trundled along with her mind on the Wilkins mystery.

So, William was the guilty man! She had the evidence in her jacket pocket. And Julia knew it all along. Julia had never taken part in the family discussions of the identity of the unknown author, and this silence Doris had attributed to cold indifference; but she now recalled that, shortly after the first article appeared, Julia disclosed a sudden interest in riding—Julia, who scorned riding and tennis and athletics of every kind -and was in the saddle a part of every forenoon, and on these occasions the groom always accompanied her. Julia had penetrated William's masquerade, and she, not Doris, was the clever one; the younger sister acknowledged this to herself in all humility.

But what did Julia plan to do? Why was she keeping silent? And why had she blushed so furiously that morning at the suggestion that she was "crazy about literary persons"? Good heavens! was Julia seriously interested in William?

Doris turned the car about and whizzed homeward, arriving just as her sister, dressed for the city, came out of the house, preceded by William carrying a suitcase. Julia was serene and self-contained as usual, but the groom wore a sheepish look.

"*Bon voyage!*" said Doris.

Julia paused in the act of buttoning her glove, and glanced sharply at her sister.

"Well," said she, "have you solved the mystery?"

"Yes. It isn't James, after all. It's William."

A smile, warmer than usual, crossed Julia's face.

"Indeed!" she said, and without further comment followed her suitcase to the boat-landing.

IV

DORIS sat on the crest of the terraced slope and watched the launch containing Julia, William and the captain until it rounded the point on its brief journey to Greenport. Then she turned her attention to the red leather notebook.

The opening pages were compactly written in an abbreviated longhand of the author's own devising, but a word here and there linked the notes with the installments of How the Upper Half Lives. Doris put down the book.

"Now, who would have dreamed," she asked herself aloud, "that William was such a clever actor?"

She had been so certain that the masquerader was James that she had not thought twice about William; he never impressed her as more than a good-looking, wholesome young Irishman, with enough brains to discharge the duties of a saddle-groom and no more. James, on the other hand, had interested Doris from the first day of his service in the Wilkins household. A democrat at heart, she liked James because he was James, not because she thought him a gentleman in masquerade. He was not particularly handsome, but he had fine eyes, and an air of distinction which, Doris had told herself, no servitude, however menial, could wholly cover up. Even the absurd "sideboards" that flanked his ears seemed part of a make-up. Were these sideboards sober reality, after all?

Doris sighed and took up the notebook again. Midway of it the abbreviated longhand ended, and thenceforward the journal became a plainly-written record of the author's private emotions. These were rather interesting.

"James, Did You Ever See This Before?"

He Started Nervously When Doris Addressed Him

July 20 [he wrote].—Enter the sex factor! I have suddenly experienced a "consciousness of kind!" In plain English—which is something that sociologists shun—I am in love! Put that way it doesn't sound so impressive and biological, but it is more human.

July 21.—There isn't a doubt of it. My consciousness of kind is too pronounced to be mistaken for anything else. Retribution has claimed me for its prey. I must eat my heart out in silence, in the classic and unscientific phrase, or—cheerful alternative!—confess myself an impostor and a scoundrel.

July 22.—"Am I alone and unobserved?" as Bunthorne queries. I am. Then let me own, I am a sociological sham. Let me confess: a languid love of slumming does *not* blight me. Weird smells and Settlements do *not* delight me. I am *not* fond of uttering platitudes in patronizing attitudes. I'm a fraud! To what depths of insincerity will literary persons descend in search of "copy"! Six months ago I was penniless, but I was, at least, respectable. I could not market my writings, but my self-respect was unscarred. Now I have achieved fame—anonymously, for the present. How the Upper Half Lives has created a stir, and when published in book form is bound to be a big seller. The first edition will be twenty thousand. Dead-Sea fruit!—apples of ashes! The worst of it is I cannot justify my presence in this household even by a sincere interest in the comparative existences of the upper and the lower classes. I respect an honest muck-raker, but the muck-raker for revenue is a despicable creature. I don't care a hang how the upper half lives. Sociology doesn't raise my temperature a single notch. The best part of the science is its terminology: *that* I find rather entertaining.

July 23.—I plainly foresee an early dissolution of the "cash nexus" between Peter Wilkins and myself. I am suspected—and by *Her!* The others are uncertain, but *her* clear eyes have read me through for the miserable pretender that I am. If only I had the courage to confess my love! I might write a letter, but that would be cowardly; and I cannot add cowardice to my other enormities. I shall give my notice to-morrow.

July 24.—Flunked on the notice-giving. On second thought it would be confession. And I must remain until after the August Observer arrives, as I have a low curiosity to witness the effect. Besides, I can at least be near my divinity and see her daily.

July 25.—Do I dream? Does my fondly foolish heart deceive me? Or do I perceive in the eyes of my beloved something akin to reciprocity? It is wildly improbable. And yet —— How easily deluded lovers are! That's a profoundly original reflection, indicating the present pulp-like state of my mental apparatus.

July 26. What is the manly thing to do? To go to Peter Wilkins and confess, of course. But I can't quite make the move. It isn't that I lack the courage: it is that I prefer to make my confession to *Her*. The situation calls for a complete grovel, and I simply can't grovel before old Peter. Besides, the Observer has not come, and the sting of the first article is partially forgotten. My confession must not lack dramatic effect.

That was all. The remaining pages were blank paper.

Chin in hand, her forehead in a pucker, Doris sat staring at the tip of the near headland, around which the launch might be expected at any time. She wondered whether the captain would return alone.

There was no longer a Wilkins mystery. William had confessed, and, to all appearance, he had been forgiven. Should Doris tell her mother, or ought she to wait until it pleased Julia to disclose? Julia had attained to legal years of discretion; and, after all, it was *her* romance. But James deserved protection, not only from the smarts of a

(Continued on Page 30)

The Man Behind the Millionaire

The Men Who Make Other Men Rich

By HENRY M. HYDE

DECORATIONS BY HUGH A. BODINE

"WHEN I first took hold of them South Chicago docks," he said gruffly, "it cost from thirty to fifty cents to handle a ton of coal with wheelbarrows. Now one of them tubs" —he laid a broad, red finger on the picture of a clam-shell unloader —"does the work for three cents a ton."

"Yesterday," said the burly chief engineer of a great Chicago power plant, "I burned three hundred and six tons of coal under my boilers. And two men did all the work. In the old days I'd 'a' had fifty firemen and unloaders sweatin' their shirts off."

"I figure," explained the keen-eyed young mechanical engineer, "that a coal-washing plant adds, on the average, twenty-five cents in value to each ton turned out by the mine which operates it."

To the quick and casual eye S-T-E-E-L spells Carnegie; O-I-L is an abbreviation for Rockefeller. In every great line of industry the spotlight plays on the human sponge. At the exact centre of every great industrial stage stands a gentleman with his cuffs turned back and no mustache to deceive you. At one and the same time he keeps eight or ten different bunches of bonds, stocks, short-term notes and equipment debentures in the air, while, without missing a stroke, he abstracts double eagles from the ears, eyes and vest-pockets of the open-mouthed and admiring public. Intoxicated with the spectacle and deafened with the roar of its own applause the audience rises to the star and utterly forgets the necessary presence in the background of the men who have made the juggling performance possible.

All great industrial corporations have a common history. First a modest and entirely legitimate investment. Then a small innovation, perhaps, in the handling of the product which cuts a certain percentage off the cost and adds to the profits. A new plan of treating raw materials saves a further expense, and dividends rise again. Now it is possible to capitalize this new earning power, and a big issue of stock is put on the market. These labor and expense saving devices and arrangements also give the company which controls them a decided and decisive advantage over its competitors. One by one these competitors are bought out or driven out of business. As each is eliminated the capital stock of the successful company is largely increased, until, finally, a fairly complete trust in the given line of industry may result. The financier at the head of the corporation absorbs all the glory and a large share of the gold. The scores of inventive and adaptive geniuses whose work is chiefly responsible for the dividend-paying power of the trust remain obscured in the rear rank of the chorus. They may get small raises in salary and a few kind words. Their names may be fairly well known "in the trade." But to the newspaper-reading public they do not exist.

The Enormous Waste in Coal-Mining

TAKE, for instance, a passing glance at the great business of mining and handling coal. So far as the actual digging of fossilized carbon out of the earth is concerned, probably in no field of human effort has the waste been so great —even actually criminal, when the needs of future generations are considered. At the present rate of consumption the anthracite supply of the United States will be entirely exhausted within the next fifty years, so experts say. The bituminous supply, it is declared, will last for not more than a hundred years. Yet, in the face of these facts, it has always been, and still is, the accepted coal-mining practice to remove not much more than half the total deposit, leaving the less easily mined and poorer quality to become permanently inaccessible because of the caving in of abandoned workings. This policy is due to the determination of coal-mine owners to get the largest possible immediate profits out of their mines, leaving the somewhat remote future to take care of itself, so far as fuel is concerned.

Nor does the waste stop there. Of the coal which is actually removed from the mines a very large percentage —amounting in many cases to nearly forty per cent.—is reduced in handling to a fine powder, so intimately mixed with impurities as to be practically useless. It is this waste powder which makes up the vast black culm mountains which hem in the mouths of most coal-mine pits.

When these mountains got so huge as to be seriously in the way it was the practice until a few years ago to set them on fire and let them burn up—a good riddance of bad rubbish. But now the genius of a German scientist has made it possible to utilize practically all this enormous waste as fuel—a saving which experts estimate adds twenty-five cents to the selling value of every ton of coal produced by a given mine.

Who that is familiar with the name of Mr. George F. Baer and his fellow-magnates of the hard coal trust ever heard of Luhrig, the German inventor of the coal-washing process? He was interested in the making of steel. Presently he discovered that the coal mined in Germany contained too large a percentage of impurities to be used in producing the finer grades of steel. He set his scientific mind to work and, presently, arranged an effective process for removing these impurities. Then he sold his patents to the firm of Cunningham, long-established coal-miners in Scotland. To the house of Cunningham there was attached a younger son, by name Alexander, who was a fifth wheel in the business. To him the Luhrig patents for America were given as patrimony, and he was sent to the States to make his fortune. How far he personally succeeded is not of record, but that the process he introduced has added millions to the profits of the coal miners there is no question.

Picking Dollars from the Black Diamond Dump

A COAL-WASHING plant consists, primarily, of a great tank full of water. Into the top of this tank is dumped powdered coal from the culm heaps. Mixed with the coal are large quantities of comminuted slate and other impurities, the presence of which makes the culm useless as fuel. While the coal itself is slightly heavier than water all the impurities are, fortunately, still heavier. On this fact is based the practical working of the washing tank. Left to itself the whole mass of powder would sink to the bottom of the tank, the particles of coal sinking considerably slower than the adulterants. At this point the trained scientific knowledge of the German inventor took command. From the bottom of the tank he discharged upward into the water small currents of compressed air of just sufficient strength to overcome the slight tendency of the coal particles to sink. So the coal is kept on the top, while the heavier bits of slate and other impurities still sink slowly down to the bottom. And a constant stream of water flowing across the top of the tank carries off into hoppers practically all the available fuel in the form of almost pure carbon.

In the handling of both anthracite and bituminous coal Luhrig's "hydraulic separation process" is tremendously important. But there is this difference: The mountains of anthracite culm may be profitably treated after being exposed to the weather for almost any length of time, while bituminous culm deteriorates rapidly and soon becomes almost valueless.

Equally important in saving time, money and labor, and thus increasing the profits of the coal-mine owners, are modern improvements in handling their product after it is ready for the market.

Until within recent years, coal from the Pennsylvania and Ohio fields came round the Great Lakes to Chicago and other distributing points in wooden bottoms, averaging five or six hundred tons to the cargo. A great gang of men with shovels and wheelbarrows loaded these wooden schooners at the point of shipment and another similar gang unloaded them at their destination.

"When I first went to work," said a burly dock-boss who has grown up with the coal industry, "it took us several days to unload one of these little boats, and it cost us from forty-three to fifty cents a ton to handle the coal. It took a husky man to push a loaded wheelbarrow up the inclined plane from the ship, and we had to pay these pushers sixty cents an hour. No man was strong enough to shove a barrow up higher than eighteen feet, and that put a very low limit on the amount of coal we could pile on a given space.

"When steel cargo boats, carrying ten or fifteen times as much coal to a load, were invented the first clam-shell unloaders were put on the market. They were simply big iron hoppers, which were let down into the holds of the ships, where men filled them, a shovelful at the time. Then they were raised up and dumped. That cut the price of handling down to thirty cents a ton. A little later C. W. Hunt came along with his 'iron horse,' and then we began to have trouble with the coal-shovelers. The big hoppers which lifted the coal out of the ships were controlled by chains running over pulleys at the top of tall iron towers. From the tops of these towers Hunt built inclined tracks sloping down to the bottom of the pile, and on these tracks he installed automatic dump cars. They were so arranged that the car would dump itself wherever the tower man desired. At the same time the car would dislodge a counterweight, which, in dropping, would pull the empty car back to the top of the tower; and the loaded car, rushing down the incline again, would wind up the weight ready for another drop. In its way it was pretty near perpetual motion, and the shovel men stopped at nothing in their determination to prevent its use. For months we worked in the fear of instant death. Sometimes they would saw the steel cables supporting the cars almost in two. Then, when the loaded car started down the incline the cable would snap, the car with its tons of weight would shoot away like a shell from a hundred-ton gun, and the loose ends of the snapped cable would fly back with force enough to crush a workman's skull with a single blow. But that didn't stop us."

Handling Coal with Iron Clam-Shells

"PRETTY soon Hunt and several others gave us the automatic clam-shell tub, and that settled the question. It is a big scoop, with two jaws shaped like the two halves of a clam-shell. You drop it down into a hold full of coal and the two jaws separate and then close over an even ton of black diamonds. A touch of the lever and up it comes, swinging just where the 'hister' wants it to go and dropping its mouthful of coal at any spot on the pile. A good 'hister' and his assistant—two men in all—working a clam-shell rig can lift five tons of coal a minute out of a ship and put it where they please. That cuts the cost of handling down from forty and fifty cents a ton to three cents a ton. And you can bet that it takes a man with a lot of nerve to sit up in the top of a tower and handle a clam-shell at anything like that rate of speed. Why, one of them big tubs would bite the bottom out of a steel ship if it got half a chance.

"The clam-shell also makes it possible for us to store at least twice as much coal on a given space as when it had all to be pushed up to the top of the pile in wheelbarrows. No man could stand the work of raising his load higher than eighteen feet. Now we can go up as high as we please."

Subtract railroad rebates and the protective tariff from the Steel Trust and there is little left to account for its giantism but the obscure inventions and adaptations of a

hundred obscure and half-forgotten men, whose genius enables the Laird of Skibo to bid a thousand marble libraries for immortality.

The whole great steel business of the world is based upon the so-called Bessemer process of converting iron ore into the more malleable metal. Sir Henry Bessemer, the great English inventor, himself made a fortune of ten millions out of the steel industry. But there are still alive eye-witnesses of the fact that, seven years before Bessemer ever thought of the process which made him famous, an obscure American, William Kelly, actually made steel in exactly the way to which the name of the Englishman has been given. This fact is further substantiated by the decisions of the United States Patent Office, which awarded to Kelly the priority of invention. Finally, indeed, Kelly was able to collect nearly half a million dollars from the American mills which used his process, but, owing largely to the jealousy and greed of American steel makers, the world-wide fame which was his right has been permanently given to a foreigner.

Little, Unsung Tommy Smith

ONCE established, with the Kelly process of turning pig iron into steel available, the Carnegie Company owes its quick and towering supremacy almost entirely to new and revolutionary processes of handling men, machinery and raw materials. And here, to those who look behind the pudgy figure in the centre of the stage, there appears one of the most appealing and dramatic personalities in the whole great steel drama.

Little, unsung Tommy Smith —
Ne'er a cent to bless him with!

The Tommy Smith of the Steel Trust was named Bill Jones, without quotation marks around the nickname, and engraved on his coat-of-arms was a new broom. Bill Jones was the master of men. As the manager of the Braddock works of the Carnegie Company he was the real founder of the Carnegie fortune—he made the Steel Trust a possibility. Over and over again he beat the world's records for making steel cheaply, quickly and of continually better quality—so frequently that his competitors were kept busy in simply recording the distance Bill Jones kept ahead of them. And he put his own sporting spirit into his men. His new broom went as a championship banner to the custody of whichever "gang" newly beat a world's record, and it moved too frequently ever to gather any dust. He abolished the ten-hour day because he could get more work out of men working under pressure in eight hours. He was the father of the great American "scrap-heap" policy, which has done much to keep American manufacturers ahead of the rest of the world. Just the minute new automatic machinery was available, which would save time or cut down manufacturing cost, he threw the old apparatus on the scrap-heap, no matter how new it might be or what it might represent in dollars and cents paid out. At one time he tossed machinery which had recently cost half a million dollars on to the dump. And, in less than three years after he took command of the Braddock plant, he was turning out ten times as much steel in a given time as any plant of the same rated capacity had ever turned out in the same period.

Also he invented the great Jones mixer, an enormous, brick-lined tank into which the molten iron from different furnaces is poured and mixed together, so that the resultant steel shall be uniform in quality. Money meant nothing to him. He declined the offer of a Carnegie partnership and spent a large part of his salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year in relieving the wants of his men and their families, playing the great game to the end for the sheer love of it. He died in his shirt-sleeves in 1889, when one of his beloved furnaces burst and poured a torrent of liquid, white-hot iron over his head and shoulders.

Who that has jealously marveled at the over-luxuriant crop of Pittsburg steel millionaires knows, even in the most casual way, the names of Thomas and Gilchrist? They were two young English chemists. Between them they discovered a method of treating iron ore, containing a high percentage of phosphorus, so that it could be turned into steel. Millions of tons of such ore had been looked on as utterly useless until their discovery. Carnegie absorbed their patents, tossing them a careless three hundred thousand dollars in return. And, later, he said of them: "They did more for England's greatness than all her kings and queens." But less than a third of a million was all they got to show for it.

Having thus learned that a chemist was a useful person to have around, the ironmaster brought Doctor Fricke from Germany and paid him $15,000 a year—a large salary, which the chemist earned several times within the first few months by devising new methods of treating refractory ores.

To-day, Carnegie's successor, the Steel Trust, is building a great made-to-order steel city at Gary, Indiana, one single feature of which will mean a saving over previous installations of two million dollars a year, which means permanent additional profits of one per cent. on two hundred million dollars of Steel Trust stock.

Every one who has lived within twenty miles of a great blast furnace must have seen the red glare in the sky above it as the fiery monster belched its hot breath high into the air. Now the Germans have put a tight lid on the top of the blast furnace and have forced the red volcano of gas which formerly shot from its mouth to do an almost inconceivable amount of work.

In the first place, it was a German who invented the first practical gas engine. So recently as the World's Fair in Chicago—1893—a gas engine of one hundred horse-power was exhibited, and even the engineering world wondered at its vast size. To-day, in the Gary plant, there are being installed no less than thirty-three great gas engines—each of three thousand horse-power. And for fuel they will burn the gas which, since William Kelly first discovered that air was fuel, has—until recently in Germany—poured its Titanic energy into the wasteful air.

Waste gas from the blast furnaces will furnish one hundred thousand horse-power at the start, and double that amount eventually—more than sufficient to run all the colossal machinery in the Gary steel mills, to light the whole town with electricity, to run the street-car system, and to permit—if the need should come—other corporations to tap the same almost exhaustless source of energy. Horse-power is cheap at twenty dollars per year, and the first installation of gas engines at Gary will pluck two million dollars' worth off the blazing tops of the blast furnaces—with as much more in reserve when the whole plant is completed as planned.

Fighting Disease with Steel-Mill Waste

HERE is another way in which an utterly unknown man living at Quincy, Illinois, has put several hundred thousand dollars a year into the Steel Trust coffers:

In every one of the great plate and wire mills of the Trust the steel rods and sheets are given a bath in sulphuric acid before they are turned into wire and tin plate. The acid bath takes off the grease and dirt and leaves the surface bright and clean. Until recently, the bath was used day after day, until the acid lost its strength. Then the contents of the tank were allowed to drain off into the nearest river and a fresh supply of H_2SO_4 was turned in.

The acid, biting into the steel, formed, of course, sulphate of iron, better known as copperas or green vitriol, but, since there was small demand for this product, it was allowed to run to waste.

The man at Quincy was the superintendent of a water-works plant there. In some way he had learned that sulphate of iron used in connection with lime is effective in destroying disease germs and otherwise purifying large quantities of water. Up to that time the larger part of 150,000 tons a year of sulphate of iron had been going to waste in the mills of the Trust. The suggestion of the man from Quincy has already resulted in finding a market for a large part of this waste product.

Greater even than the economies in the coal-carrying trade have been those in the production and transportation of iron ore, which is so vastly the most valuable product ever dug out of the earth by human hands, and which lies, of course, at the foundation of the whole steel industry. From that standpoint there is another utterly obscure and unknown man who is justly entitled to the chief credit for the fabulous prosperity of the whole American steel trade. His name was Lewis H. Merritt. He was a pioneer and a prophet, who plainly foresaw the inconceivable wealth of what he had discovered—of which he was not destined to gain even a negligible share. It is enough to say that Lewis Merritt discovered the ore beds of the Mesaba, a portion of which is now estimated to be worth a round billion dollars.

A Pathetic Failure on the Verge of Success

THERE is no story in the whole range of human effort more thrilling, more heroic, and, in the end, more tragic than that of the mighty struggle made by the sons of the first Merritt to realize some share of the Titanic inheritance left them by their father. How, with hunger belts pulled tight over their lean bellies, the Merritt boys tramped that vast wilderness where even now wolves and bears may be shot from the ore-cars; how, in the teeth of the laughter and ridicule of the public, they built the first steam road through the big woods to the shore of the lake, and how, in the panic of 1893, they went down finally in failure, with the complete success of their great project fairly in sight.

In 1853 the first cargo of iron ore came down from the head of the Great Lakes. It was carried in a wooden schooner of four hundred tons burden, and it took a great gang of men with wheelbarrows three days to load it. To-day 11,000 tons of ore are dumped into a single steel steamship in ninety minutes and, at the other end of the line, gigantic Hulett automatic unloaders take this enormous quantity of ore out of the ship in five hours, lifting ten tons at a single bite. Hulett? The name does not seem familiar as one runs over the list of steel millionaires.

Take almost any one of the great basic industries; dividends are paid upon millions upon millions of watered stock—upon money which was never really invested in the business, but which went, in one way or another, to fatten the pockets of the financial wizards who controlled its policy.

Until recently about sixty per cent. of the kerosene used in the United States was made from an Ohio base. Yet, for years, the crude oil which came from the Lima fields was utterly useless for illuminating purposes because of the fact that it contained a large percentage of sulphur, the odor from which was simply intolerable. Very few people not connected with the oil industry have ever heard of the name of Frasch. Yet he was the man who discovered the process for so refining this Ohio oil as to make it usable in lamps. Many of the essential processes of manufacture and of transportation in use to-day by the Standard Oil Company were developed outside of that company and absorbed by it—often by methods which might have moved a shark to tears of sympathy.

In 1869 Joshua Merrill discovered and patented a process by which lubricating oil could be deodorized. So successful was it that the next year his sales increased several hundred per cent. Presently, the Standard came into the field. For six years it backed, financially, an imitator in fighting him through the courts. Finally, it was forced to pay him a royalty for the use of his process.

New England boasts a hundred great fortunes which were made in the manufacture of boots and shoes. Yet who happens to know the name of McKay in connection with the vast industry which is the backbone of at least one flourishing trust and the product of which is sold almost round the world? All this McKay person did was to invent a sewing machine which does in a single operation and in a minute or two what half a dozen expert workmen toiled over for hours before he fastened some bits of metal together and hitched them to a power-belt.

One reads over the long list of those whose patient research and mechanical skill have been capitalized by the financial wizards of the business world; one sees, for the moment, their shadowy figures in the dim and crowded background, and feels a passing thrill of indignation at the injustice which has deprived them of both fame and money.

THE STRONG MAN

Backing Up the Muscles by Building Up the Heart

By WILLIAM LEE HOWARD, M. D.

DECORATION BY EMLEN McCONNELL

WHEN Professor Sellar, the distinguished Hellenist, made his first appearance on the golfing green at St. Andrew's the mature caddie who accompanied him remarked: "Ye may be guid eneugh, Professor, at teaching laddies Greek, but gouf needs a heid."

All exercise to be beneficial "needs a heid."

Big muscles do not necessarily mean strength; but to be strong one must have well-developed muscles.

Paradoxical? No.

A man may inherit big bones to which are attached big muscles. The fibres of these muscles may be coarse, inelastic and under the control of a slow motor—a sluggish nervous system. Such a man, from the mere fact of having big, hawserlike muscles controlled by a slow-moving force, does not have the incentive to build up active muscles nor the energy to train the nervous mechanism controlling muscular activity. The result is that such a man's muscles remain coarse-fibred, fatty, bulky, and respond slowly to the motor centres in the brain.

A man who desires to build muscular strength goes about it carefully and slowly. He must understand that the basis of power depends upon the rapidity with which the muscles respond to mental impulses. Properly developed muscles are finely-fibred, and react instantly to the impulse of the motor cells in the brain.

Mere gross muscular structure is valueless—except as it is needed for daily labor, where it exists as mere animal automatism—unless it is under the immediate control of a highly-organized nervous system and free from disease and abuse.

Mammoth Muscles of Little Use

THE extreme muscular development seen in those who pose on the stage and before the camera, while marvelous to the sight, is in reality of little practical use. Such muscles are not developed through normal exercises, but gain their prominence by being contracted and expanded through mental concentration on the muscle itself, not on any work that the muscle should be made to perform. Under this fad form of "physical culture" the levers which the muscles should lift and lower are kept immovable; the muscles themselves do no work, the fibres alone being caused to swell and shrink.

Take the "development" of the biceps, for example. This muscle is intended to flex the forearm, attachments being on the upper arm and shoulder and the insertions in the upper portion of the lower arm, making a perfect leverage. Now, in this false "physical culture" system the arm is held semi-flexed and rigid and the muscle made to rise and fall, no tension being put upon its attachments. The result is a development of the centre of the muscle, but a development of mere shape, not the development of the power of lifting. The attachments are not developed; they remain thin; hence, to the spectator in the audience the centre of the bulking mass of biceps looms up as a powerful organ of force—it is simply an artificial nodule.

This false method of "physical culture" also squeezes out the little amount of fat that the muscle should bed in for ease and nourishment, and this further accentuates its size when illumined by a spot-light against a black background.

Big chests do not necessarily mean big lung power, but one must have a capacious chest to have great lung power.

Another paradox? Not exactly.

The Explanation of Second Wind

THE normal individual does not use in daily work much more than half of his lung capacity. There remain in the lower portion of his lungs thousands of little air cells which stay practically closed in ordinary breathing. When a man is called upon to run a long distance he soon finds himself in distress; has a "stitch in his side." This slight pain is caused by the effort made by the air to get into these closed cells. It is the forcing open of these reserve cells that produces the "stitch in the side." When these cells become active and take up the extra air needed the distress ceases and the man gets his "second wind."

Now, it can be readily seen that the greater the chest capacity the greater the reserve force. As it is in the muscle of the "physical culture" man so it is in the chest development of the same class—an unnatural condition. These latter possess, by constant deep breathing, forcibly inhaling and exhaling air, a large chest. But there is no reserve force; all the cells are constantly filled. The chest development is a good sight to look upon, but we must remember that the owner of such a chest has no reserve breathing power; he has reached his limit at the start—a condition fatal to successful athletic work.

Athletes are healthy not because they are athletes, but because healthy individuals are athletes.

With these few introductory remarks what follows will be plain to the man who thinks.

When we read in the daily papers of the collapse of a celebrated athlete, or the breaking down during training of a young aspirant for honors on the cinder path, we naturally surmise that fundamental knowledge of the physiology of the muscular mechanism of the human body is either submerged by the overpowering desire to make a record or is totally absent among certain trainers and their pupils.

Americans seem to have absorbed much of the energy in the world, but not all its wisdom.

The want of wisdom concerning man and his body is the cause of many sad conditions existing to-day among formerly strong and healthy individuals. A comprehensive idea of the physiology of growth, of the physiologic and chemic relations of strength and endurance to age and condition, would be of great value to a large number of senile individuals—not senile in years, but senile in vessels and tissues—who strive to put an unusual strain on their weak arteries, as well as to the adolescent whose central nervous system is often permanently injured by overexertion in attempting to make the records placed by carefully trained and intelligent athletes.

Last spring I witnessed the Ashland-Boston Marathon race—a nerve-racking, lung-pulling run of twenty-one miles. Among the large number of contestants were a boy of about sixteen and a man somewhere in the forties. To allow such starters was a great mistake. There were physicians at the start to examine into the condition of the runners, but what doctor could tell of the past habits, inherited faults in the bodily mechanism or system of training these various contestants possessed? There was only one reasonable course to take—that is, to withhold their sanction to the starting of those whose years had not fully developed the body functions, and of those whose years had probably stiffened arteries and whose habits had brought a strain on the valves of the heart.

The human body is a wonderful piece of mechanism, which not only renews itself constantly, but whose strength and endurance and capacity for more work increase with increased use up to the point at which use becomes abuse. At what time and under what pressure this danger-line is reached depends upon the individual. However, the approach to this danger-line is governed in all cases by fixed and immutable laws. The athlete must always bear in mind that the length of time that a muscle cell can continue to work will depend upon the rapidity with which the energy-holding explosive compounds are formed by the cell protoplasm and the waste products are excreted. In other words, the capital must not be expended at a greater rate than it can be replaced. If it is expended at a greater rate fatigue commences, and a continuance of this expenditure results in physical bankruptcy.

The Blood a Clearing-House

THE muscle is continually undergoing change of material. The minute substances which make up the muscle, and whose very actions keep it alive, are being constantly cast off, fresh substances taking their place. The castoff material is the fatigue poison. Without muscle rest this dead, poisonous detritus cannot be replaced fast enough by the new products, and the result is an impoverished capital of potential elements. This does not apply only to the muscle in active use up to this point, but to all muscles of the body.

The energy products of the food are delivered up to the muscle by the blood, and this fluid picks up and carries away the castoff substances of the muscle. These fatigue products are only gradually eliminated from the blood.

In the case of the average man of over forty the poisonous products are rapidly manufactured, but are not thrown off so fast as produced; hence, he will soon succumb to their effect—that is, if he attempts any overexertion without long and careful training. Moreover, this training must have been begun in youth and been kept up. In the adolescent the fatigue poison is thrown off quicker than good material can take its place, hence the latter runner will fall from sheer exhaustion of the muscular mechanism—perhaps ruined for life.

Sprinting I consider the most harmful of all athletic sports. On account of the false idea that any one can try a hundred-yard dash, many who are unfit go into these contests. The rapid start, the inability of the muscles to get a second's rest, is where the harm comes.

To keep on the right side of the danger-line in exercise, the muscle must have short intervals of rest. Nature so well understood the proneness of man not to heed advice that she placed the action of one muscle beyond his control. This muscle is so constructed, internally adjusted, that it has its regular periods of rest, and only in disorder of the body can its expenditure be raised beyond its means. However, there are certain conditions having their genesis in the will and excitement of psychic forces, where the heart is pushed beyond its self-control. Such cases occur in college boat-races. It is not so much the mere muscular effort of the contestants as it is the intense psychic excitement accompanying the effort. The man must win for the college—not for himself. At the end of three miles, perhaps, one or more of the crew have reached their muscular end, the last mile is pulled on mere will force and a subconscious effort. At the end of the fourth mile these men collapse, and fortunate is the man who, upon reaching forty-five years, finds that his heart has not been strained. For these reasons I advocate the three-mile race.

The heart, though making contractions at the rate of seventy-two times a minute, is able to continue its work without fatigue throughout the life of the individual. Each contraction of this muscle is followed by an interval of rest, during which the cells recuperate. Push the heartbeats to a very rapid rate and we approach the danger-point at which fatigue products cannot be replaced by fresh cells; the intervals of rest are not sufficient. The same condition exists in every muscle. This is the reason that we often see immediate or ultimate collapse at the finish of a four-mile boat-race or a two-hundred-yard sprinting contest. Such a collapse may be followed by irremediable loss of health.

It should be impressed upon all men that, during life, each member of the body, in the very act of living, produces poison to itself. When this poison accumulates faster than it can be eliminated, which always occurs unless the muscle can have an interval of rest, then will come fatigue, which is only another expression for poisonous infection. If the muscle is given an interval of rest, so that the cell can give off its waste product to keep pace with the new productions, the muscle will then liberate energy for a long time. This latter condition is what we call endurance.

The power and the endurance of the human machine are limited according to our understanding of the above facts. But another important bit of knowledge is necessary to have if we wish to avoid ruining our physical energy: that is to recognize the necessity of starting the human machine slowly. Like any other ponderous and intricate machine, the body requires time to get in harmonious working order. What would you think of a chauffeur who started his car off with a jump at high speed? What would ultimately happen to a big engine if the throttle were pulled wide open at the start?

The brain, nerves, heart and skeletal muscles must be given some warning of the work they are expected collectively to perform. Ignorance of this fact has broken down many a young man who aspired to honors on the cinder-path. The necessity of getting all the parts of the body slowly in working order is well understood by trainers and jockeys on the race-track, as is evidenced by the preliminary "warming up" they give their horses, although it is doubtful if the trainers could give any physiologic reason for this custom.

Of the substances supplied to the muscle by the blood, oxygen is one the want of which is soonest felt. The muscle contains within itself a certain store of oxygen, but one which is by no means equal to the oxidizable substances. The muscle's activity is dependent to a great extent on the character and force of the blood-flow. It must be clear of the waste products, and contain as well sufficient oxygen to keep up continually a renewal of energy.

From what has been said it will be readily seen that the result of a muscular task which an athlete wishes to perform will depend primarily on his muscular bulk and on the condition of these muscles, and the rate at which he expends his capital; the test of his endurance will depend upon the condition of the other parts of his body and how rapidly they will carry off the quickly formed poisonous products and supply fresh ones.

A large number of lesser pugilists have died in the ring in the last ten years. Not one of these deaths was directly due to the force or severity of the blows struck, but because the fighters were "out of condition." The writer himself once had an opponent in the amateur ring whose condition was so plainly unfit that he refrained from exerting energy, but let the man poison himself, when a gentle cross-counter laid him out. He literally beat himself.

(Continued on Page 24)

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

III

Mr. Isaacstein's Guinea-Pigs

Its Owner Chuckled as He Filed Away the Document

By ROBERT BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

"AH," SAID Hazel, with a long-drawn breath; "what good will it do you to announce the company with Stranleigh at its head? The moment he sets foot on land he will telegraph that he has nothing to do with the concern, and then, it seems to me, the police may take a hand."

"Before Lord Stranleigh reaches the land, I, Isador Isaacstein, will have contradicted the announcement in the prospectus. I shall be in Frankfort on the day the advertisement appears in all the newspapers and the prospectus is in the hands of the brokers. Two days will have passed before my disclaimer appears. I shall telegraph from Frankfort that Lord Stranleigh's name appearing on the prospectus is the result of a mistake. I will show how that mistake occurred, admit that I had hoped and endeavored to get Lord Stranleigh's coöperation, and wind up by maintaining that the Honduras property is worth many times what is asked for it."

"If you do all that then what good can result from your unauthorized use of Lord Stranleigh's name?"

"My dear boy, you don't understand city finance. This is what will happen. The moment Stranleigh's name appears in the prospectus we'll have our million subscribed several times over. The money will be all in our hands. Very well. When I announce that Lord Stranleigh's name had no right on that prospectus, the stock will immediately fall. My emissaries in London will buy it up."

"But, my dear sir, you will have received the money under false pretenses. You will be compelled to return the cash."

"Oh, I know that, I know that. But—don't you see?—people will become panic-stricken. They won't wait for the slow process of the law, which is to give them back their money, and they'll at once believe that no money will be returned. A great majority of them will fling their stock at once on the market, determined to realize whatever they can on it. That stock my people will purchase, and at once those who sold are out of the running. They have no further claim. Those who stand by their legal rights shall, of course, have their payments returned in full. I expect, as a result of the appeal, to receive at least enough working capital to develop the Honduras property and, perhaps, several hundred thousand pounds extra, as the difference between the twenty-five shillings I get for each pound share, because I am going to float the stock at a premium of five shillings on the pound. Nothing catches your gullible public like that. If you offer them pound shares at fifteen shillings they won't touch them, but offer them pound shares at twenty-five shillings and they fall over each other to get at the stock. They argue that it must be a good thing, otherwise we would not dare put it at a premium when floating the company. Well, as I was saying, the difference between the price at which we'll buy those shares and our first selling price of twenty-five shillings will result anywhere from a hundred thousand pounds to half a million. Lord Stranleigh's name will have been withdrawn, and when he lands he will find that there is nothing to be done. He won't be hurt, and so he'll do nothing; indeed, there will be nothing to do. The money will have been returned at once to those who demanded it, whereas those who sold in a panic will, as I have said, be out of the running; and, even if they were not, there is no method by which Lord Stranleigh could get hold of their names. The lists will all be in my possession."

"Don't you be too sure, Mr. Isaacstein, that Stranleigh won't do something. He'll be back to London by the first train, and, if you are a wise man, you will crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after you. It won't be healthy for you to remain in London once Stranleigh returns."

Isador laughed heartily.

"I'm not afraid of Lord Stranleigh," he said. "When he returns he will find everything has been done strictly according to law, and, aside from that, I shall guarantee to those who have lost money through selling their stocks that the first dividends of the new company will be used to recoup them, and as rubber is going up in price steadily we are certain to pay a hundred per cent. the first year. Indeed, I shall satisfy Lord Stranleigh himself that this will be done. In one of his letters that you have given me there is a sentence which might be construed to mean that he intends to join our company. He speaks highly of the rubber prospects in the automobile trade alone. My secretary will take all the blame for having put his name on the prospectus, and I can show that I made amends the very moment I learned that Stranleigh's name had been used, and I rather hope that when his lordship is convinced that I have done everything in my power he may yet join us. I shall offer him a seat on the board, or even the presidency of the board, so that he may be certain all my promises will be carried out."

"Well, if you do that," said Hazel doubtfully, "I don't see that much harm can come by luring Stranleigh away for a week; and now the only point to be settled is the question of payment. I must have a certain amount of money before five days are past, otherwise I shall be in deep trouble: be turned out of my clubs, and all that. It is no use telling me to wait till after the Cadiz review."

"You can have part of the money to-morrow if you like," said Isador. "You write to Lord Stranleigh, inviting him to go to Cadiz with you. He will either accept or refuse. If you bring me a letter from him saying he will go I'll give you five thousand pounds, the other half to be paid when you two reach Cadiz."

"You'll have to do better than that, Mr. Isaacstein. You must give me a check for two thousand pounds now, and the three thousand when I bring you a letter from Stranleigh."

"But supposing you don't bring it? Suppose he refuses, what about my two thousand pounds?"

"You'll have to chance that. I don't think he'll refuse, judging from his conversation over the telephone. His own yacht is out of commission, and I am sure he would not care to put himself under obligations to any one else by accepting the loan of a steamer. The only thing I fear is that he may charter a yacht for himself,

but I'll see him as soon as possible this morning, and if once he promises to go with me he is quite certain to keep his word."

"You drive a hard bargain, Hazel, but that's all right. I don't object to dealing with a man who knows what he wants. I can't give you the two thousand just now, but if you come to my office at four o'clock this afternoon and tell me Lord Stranleigh has accepted your invitation, I'll give you then the check for two thousand."

"You mean you'll give me then the check for five thousand?"

"No, I don't. You write him a letter, and when you bring me that letter I'll give you the other three thousand."

"But you'll pay me the two thousand this afternoon?"

"Yes, if you say he promises to go with you. But you must put down in writing and sign exactly what you promise to do, and, if you try to play any tricks with me, I'll see that you are expelled from your clubs all right enough."

The Honorable John Hazel demurred at placing his signature to any document which, if made public, would ruin him, but on this point the financier was firm, and, after much discussion, the instrument was drawn up, signed by Hazel, and witnessed by the servant who waited upon them. The Honorable John Hazel had to get the money and could not stop at trifles.

It was broad daylight when he emerged from the mansion of Isaacstein, and its owner chuckled as he filed away the document. He might well laugh at any threat of what Lord Stranleigh would do, for he had not the slightest intention of carrying out any part of the scheme he had outlined to John Hazel. He would not send to the newspapers an explanation that the use of Stranleigh's name was unauthorized. The appalling and long-continued stringency on the Stock Exchange had brought Isador Isaacstein face to face with bankruptcy. Nothing short of a miracle could now save him. In the bank was a remnant of the eight hundred thousand pounds he had possessed two years and a half before, and only barely enough to enable him to make a dash for a criminal fortune such as he had planned. He knew that the property in Honduras was worthless. It had come to him through an insolvency. He would not go to Frankfort as he had said, but would remain in London until he and his accomplices had secured the loot. If Lord Stranleigh's name possessed the financial magic he attributed to it, the million capital would probably be oversubscribed from five to ten times the amount asked for, and even after the divide he might find himself in the possession of several millions. With this he would make for Persia by a route so well thought out that he would baffle pursuit, even if the hounds of the law were set on in time. Once there he could buy safety. If the flotation of the company was to be a success it would mature within two days. A week would pass before Stranleigh reached Cadiz, and once there two days at least would elapse before he set foot in London. By that time Isador would be safe, and the Honorable John Hazel might whistle for the remaining five thousand pounds.

IV

AT NOON Lord Stranleigh and Professor Marlow sat down to breakfast. In the daylight Marlow's emaciated face did not look so ill-favored as at night, or else Stranleigh was becoming accustomed to it. When the meal was finished Stranleigh took his guest to a balcony overlooking the courtyard and seated him in an easy couch. Taking a cane rocking-chair he lit a cigar, leaned back, and said:

"Now, Professor, tell me what is the trouble with you?"

Before Bronson Marlow could answer, Perkins opened the door to the balcony and said:

"The Honorable John Hazel to see you, my lord."

"Oh, hang it! I can't see him just now, Perkins. Tell him I'm busy; that I've got a conference on and can see nobody."

"He has been here this morning twice before, my lord."

"Oh, has he? The Honorable Jack has been up early for once in his life. Very well, say that if he returns at two o'clock I'll see him. Go on, Professor."

"Well, to begin, may I ask if you know what ether is?"

"Yes, some stuff you buy at a chemist's."

"Yes, that's a volatile, colorless compound, expressed by the symbols $(C_2 H_5)_2 O$, specific gravity 0.723."

"Dear me," laughed Stranleigh, "I had no idea it was that sort of thing, but, now that I know all about it, continue."

"With that ether, my lord, we have nothing to do, so I need not trouble you with further particulars. The ether I speak of is that substance that fills the space between the molecules of all solids, liquids and gases. It is this fluid which renders wireless telegraphy possible, for it, and not the air itself, transmits the electric impulses from the sender to the receiver. One might liken a streak of

"Try to Induce Scotland Yard to Arrest Isador Isaacstein on Any Pretense Whatever"

ether to a telegraph wire, insulated from other streaks of ether by infinitesimally minute particles of air. These ethereal wires seem to run not in circles around the world, as one might suppose, but in parallel lines, which, finally, impinge against the earth, or against the waves of the sea, and this is the cause of Mr. Marconi's difficulty up to date in getting a message over more than a section of the earth's surface."

"Wait a moment, Professor. I am not sure that I follow your technical explanation, but I wish, before you go any further, to ask one practical question. Have you discovered a system of wireless telegraphy?"

"Yes."

"Then I should warn you that I am a large stockholder in Mr. Marconi's company. You are thus speaking, as it were, to a rival, and I should prefer not to hear any of your secrets."

The professor was given time for reflection, because once more Perkins intruded, in spite of the slight frown of impatience that marked Stranleigh's brow.

"The Honorable John Hazel, my lord, says that he is very busy and cannot return at two o'clock. He must be in the city at that hour. He has written you a note and says if you will just scribble 'Yes' or 'No' on it he will be satisfied. He expects to see you at the club this evening."

The recipient of the message tore off the envelope and read:

Dear Stranleigh: As I told you over the telephone, I've made a rich strike in the city, and am going to salt the money away, and lead the simple life hereafter. A man for whom I have done some good turns in the city has lent me his yacht, which is as large as yours, and, he says, fully as comfortable, although, of course, not nearly so fast. I am going to Cadiz in her, and will be delighted if you come along. I shall invite any one else you wish, or make up a party if you like, or we'll go alone together. Just scrawl a word or two on the end of this sheet and I shall know what to do.

Stranleigh wrote:

All right, Jack; I'm with you, on condition I'm allowed to pay half the expenses. I don't want a crowd unless you do, and will be quite happy in your sole company. Dine with me to-night at the Corinthian, eight o'clock, and we will settle details. Ever yours,

STRANLEIGH.

These words, heedlessly dashed off, caused Jack Hazel's bank account to swell by five thousand pounds before closing time, but to get the amount in one installment instead of two he was compelled to deliver this document to Mr. Isaacstein.

"There," said Stranleigh with a sigh of relief, "that settles the Honorable Jack till eight o'clock to-night. He's a persistent beggar, after all, and has more determination than I thought. I feared that the city would demoralize him, but it doesn't seem to have done so. He's made a strike, he tells me, and is going to live happy ever after. I'm very glad to hear it, for Jack's a good sort when he's got plenty of money. Now, Professor, what is the decision?"

"The decision is what it has been from the time I first saw you. I want to keep this discovery as secret as possible, until my instruments are perfected, but I'll tell you all about it if you'll listen."

"Fire away, then."

"It occurred to me that if these lines of ether and these particles of air could be broken up, as it were, or smashed together, and the electrical impulse started in this turmoil, that the current of electricity would run along not one wire of ether, but all the others that impinge on this broken-up section of the atmosphere, and so we would overleap, as it were, the curvature of the earth, and thus send the message where we liked. Do you understand?"

"*Mon Dieu*, Professor, don't waste time trying to make me understand. I'm willing to take your word for it. You can invent a dozen systems of wireless telegraphy before you'll get the particulars of one of them through my thick skull. Did you succeed in smashing up the air?"

"No, but I accomplished my purpose in another way. I devised a means of approaching the problem from another quarter, and I found that this answered the purpose intended."

"Do you propose to sell out to Marconi, or to form a separate company?"

"I haven't got that far yet. You see, I haven't been able to test the invention over long distances. It works perfectly in a restricted area, but, of course, its usefulness will be shown if I can send a message across the Atlantic without the necessity for those high towers."

"I see. Well, what you want is a room in New York and another in London fitted up with your machinery. I suppose you've got an installation here, so I propose that you get on one of the fastest steamers and establish another installation in New York City, and then you could test the scheme in five minutes. I'll supply all the capital necessary, as I promised."

"I'm afraid of the newspaper men in New York. They seem to ferret out everything. I would rather try it somewhere else—say on the African coast."

Lord Stranleigh jumped to his feet, as excited as a boy off to a circus, and snapped his fingers in the air.

"By Jove, I've got it! What you need is a sea voyage. This note I received from Jack Hazel a minute ago invites me to be his guest on a yacht from Southampton to Cadiz. We sha'n't start for a week or two, and you will have ample time to make what preparations you need. Where is your experimenting room?"

"I haven't any, since I left London University College. I worked there in the laboratory at night."

"Very well; I'll put a suite of rooms at your disposal in this house. Buy everything you want, and fit them up right away with your bag of tricks. I'll have what furniture is in them cleared out at once; then we will fit up a similar room on Jack's yacht, and if you can send and receive messages between here and Cadiz, in southern Spain, you may be pretty sure your invention is practicable."

"Are there going to be many people aboard the yacht?"

"No, only Jack and myself and you, if you'll come, and, of course, you'll need an operator, and we'll get the best doctor we can. Thus we'll make up a bridge table, and that will please Jack, in spite of his resolve to lead the simple life. How does that proposal strike you?"

"It strikes me most favorably, my lord, and I cannot express to you my gratitude; but somehow your enthusiasm has shunted me off the line of rails on which I was traveling."

"Then let's get back on the main line again."

"It's about my health. Of course, this invention is of no use to me if I am called upon to attend my own funeral."

"Certainly, certainly. Excuse me, Professor, I'm an unfeeling beast. I had forgotten for the moment that you are not as stalwart as I'd like to see you. I sha'n't interrupt again. Go on."

"What I was going to ask you to do, my lord, was to guarantee me the sum of five hundred pounds annually, taking my invention for security, until I learn whether I can cure myself or not."

"I don't ask any security but your own word. Here I am interrupting again! Not five hundred pounds a year, but a thousand, at least. I'll place in the bank this afternoon, to your order, five thousand pounds. That tides us over five years. Now, what is your malady, and what is the cause of it?"

"I don't know what my malady is, but the cause of it is this: In my eagerness to complete my invention I worked for weeks with but two or three hours' sleep a night. I ate but rarely and kept myself going on the strongest of coffee. The result you see. I am a nervous wreck."

"Then you intend to stop experimenting until you have cured yourself?" queried Stranleigh.

"No, not necessarily. Indeed, I think it would be well to have something to occupy my mind while I am undergoing

treatment. If I have money enough to continue my experiments, I can still, with an assistant, keep on perfecting the apparatus, and with this plan that you propose regarding the yacht I think we would settle the long-distance question; but, on the other hand, there is some danger of premature disclosure in the circumscribed dimensions of a vessel at sea, where every one becomes rather bored and inquisitive if the voyage is long continued."

"I don't see much danger of that. It isn't as if we had a crowd of passengers such as is transported by an Atlantic liner. You can go down to Southampton, and transform two or three rooms for yourself on the yacht; rooms at the end of a corridor where you can fit the door with a Yale lock, the three keys of which will be in the possession only of yourself, myself and your assistant. As you are by way of being an invalid, your assistant can pose as your attendant, and, if you are a good deal in your own room, rather than up on deck, your absence on that account will not be noticed. You name the doctor you want to come with us, and I'll pay him any fee he asks. If Jack Hazel makes any objections, why, then I'll charter a yacht for ourselves and decline his invitation, but I am sure he will interpose no obstacle."

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the third entrance of Perkins.

"Mr. Peter Mackeller, my lord."

"Oh, I must see Peter. Ask him to wait for five minutes. Bring him here five minutes from now."

When Perkins retired, Stranleigh said:

"I'm going to introduce you to a man of whom I advise you to make a confidant. He is the only person in London I would trust with everything I possess. He's as close-mouthed as the Sphinx, and you may depend upon it that, if he can't assist you, he will give no hint, even to his closest friend, of what you say to him. If you intend to float a company to work your invention, Peter is just the man to undertake that business for you if he will. I can assist you with your invention so far as money is concerned, but if it comes to forming a company I could not very well help in establishing a rival to Mr. Marconi, who is not only a great inventor, but a most charming man personally. Indeed, it would be a rather interesting situation if you and Peter formed a company which Marconi and I were compelled to smash."

"I'm no fighter," said the professor, "and I imagine that Marconi and myself will find little difficulty in coming to terms. I shall be delighted to take Mr. Mackeller into our confidence, after so strong a recommendation from you. Indeed, I formed a very high opinion of him when, the other evening at the club, I heard him refuse even to use his influence with you on any terms the financier could offer."

"Then that's all right. Peter is a mining engineer, but he understands every intricacy of company law, and could instruct many a solicitor. He has learned his lesson, not in a lawyer's office, but in the bitter school of experience which the city of London furnishes. Ah, here he is. Good-morning, Peter."

"Good-afternoon, Lord Stranleigh."

Stranleigh laughed.

"It is afternoon, isn't it, to an energetic man like you; but I have just breakfasted, so with me it is still morning. Mackeller, let me introduce to you Professor Bronson Marlow, late of the University of London. Peter, I am going off on a voyage; pleasure—this time. I have promised the King of Spain to attend the naval review down at Cadiz. I expect to be away a fortnight or three weeks. Now, could you occupy this house while I'm gone?"

"Why?"

"Because it's ever so much more comfortable than your rooms."

"My rooms fit me very well."

"And, besides, I wish you to look after my affairs, and the ends of the strings are all here. My secretary will tell you where everything is."

"Yes, in that case I'll come here, if you wish."

"And I'd like to receive a telegraphic message from you every morning."

"Oh, is the yacht fitted with wireless?"

"Yes; and the operator will be residing in this house. Are you a stockholder in the Marconi company?"

"No."

"Then that's all right. This is a rival invention which owes its existence to the ingenuity of the professor here. He is, naturally, very anxious that nothing should be said of it at the present time, and I have assured him you are as close as a fireproof safe. Tell him all about it, Professor."

As Stranleigh had anticipated, Jack Hazel offered no objection to the inclusion of Professor Marlow in the yachting party, but rather welcomed every suggestion his friend made.

V

THE Lady of the Lake pulled out of Southampton Harbor a little after five o'clock on as delightful a summer evening as one could wish in which to go down to the sea in ships. The sky was cloudless: Southampton water lay as smooth and polished as a mirror, reflecting the molten globe of the westering sun.

Lord Stranleigh and Professor Bronson Marlow walked the deck together. Marlow, despite the shaky nature of his physical man, was enjoying every moment of the time, like a schoolboy let loose from his tasks. He had always been so poor, and always so busy, that the delights of travel meant for him merely the area around London, whose boundaries were achieved by a bicycle from Saturday to Monday. He had never seen even the Isle of Wight, which was now looming up before them, and Stranleigh pointed out Netley Hospital and the other sights of this inland sheet of water on either shore.

"Just excuse me for a moment," said Stranleigh, walking rapidly forward to the bridge, where he said to the captain: "Could you oblige me with a few toots of the whistle? I wish to attract the attention of an old friend of mine on shore."

The whistle roared forth its salute, and Stranleigh, leaning over the bulwarks, waved aloft his yachting cap. They were passing a comfortable cottage, standing in grounds of its own, and on the veranda sat an old man with a long telescope across his knees, as if he were officially on guard. A tall, white flag-pole at the end of the cottage, rigged up something like the mast of a ship, flew the ensign of the Mercantile Marine Service. The old man raised the telescope to his eye and directed it toward the yacht, then focused it upon the man waving his cap. An instant later he undoubtedly recognized the cause of the whistling, for he rose actively, tucked the telescope under his arm, waved his own cap, then hurried to the tall, white pole and dipped the flag, which courtesy the yacht returned. Seeing Marlow's interest, Stranleigh said:

"That's an old friend of mine. He once commanded a pirate ship for me, and has retired there on his share of the swag. Oh, I'm not joking, Professor. You little knew what company you were to keep when you sought my society. I captured that old captain on the high seas, contrary to all laws, marine, national or international. Had a great time with the old chap, who threatened to put me in irons, but we are now the best of friends. I'll tell you that story some night before we reach Cadiz."

As they paced the deck again the Honorable John Hazel came up from the saloon. Stranleigh saw that his friend wore an anxious, almost haggard look, and he greeted him with hilarity.

"Cheer up, Johnny," he cried. "I see that the anxiety of the shipmaster has come over you. Anything in which I can help?"

"Oh, no," said the Honorable John, with an attempt at geniality. "I am just a little concerned regarding the *chef*. He's said to be exceedingly good, but I want the first dinner to make a favorable impression, and I know what a sybarite you are at the table."

"That's a slander, Johnny. I'm the easiest man to provide for that ever stepped aboard a yacht. Give me a bit of salt junk, if that's the right term, some hard tack, and a tankard of rum that smells of tar, and you've got me as contented as little Jack Horner with his Christmas pie. If, now that you're rich, you wish to live the simple life, as you said, come to me and receive lessons."

The Honorable John Hazel, in spite of the effort he made, found some difficulty in clearing his perturbed brow. Several things that Lord Stranleigh said, quite unconsciously, had touched him on the raw. He was learning that the way of the transgressor is hard, even before the transgression is discovered.

The dinner that night was a triumph, and Stranleigh congratulated his host on acquiring such a jewel of a cook. Wine, coffee, liquors and cigars were of the best. The doctor proved to be a most agreeable chap, and, although the Honorable John Hazel and Professor Marlow did not seem to be unduly elated by the good cheer, the others spent an enjoyable evening, and turned in to beds that were as comfortable and as steady as if they had been on land.

Stranleigh thought he had just got between the sheets when he was awakened by a very slight tapping at his door.

"Who is there?" he cried.

"It is I," came the thin voice of the professor.

Stranleigh turned on the electric light.

"Come in," he shouted, and Marlow entered.

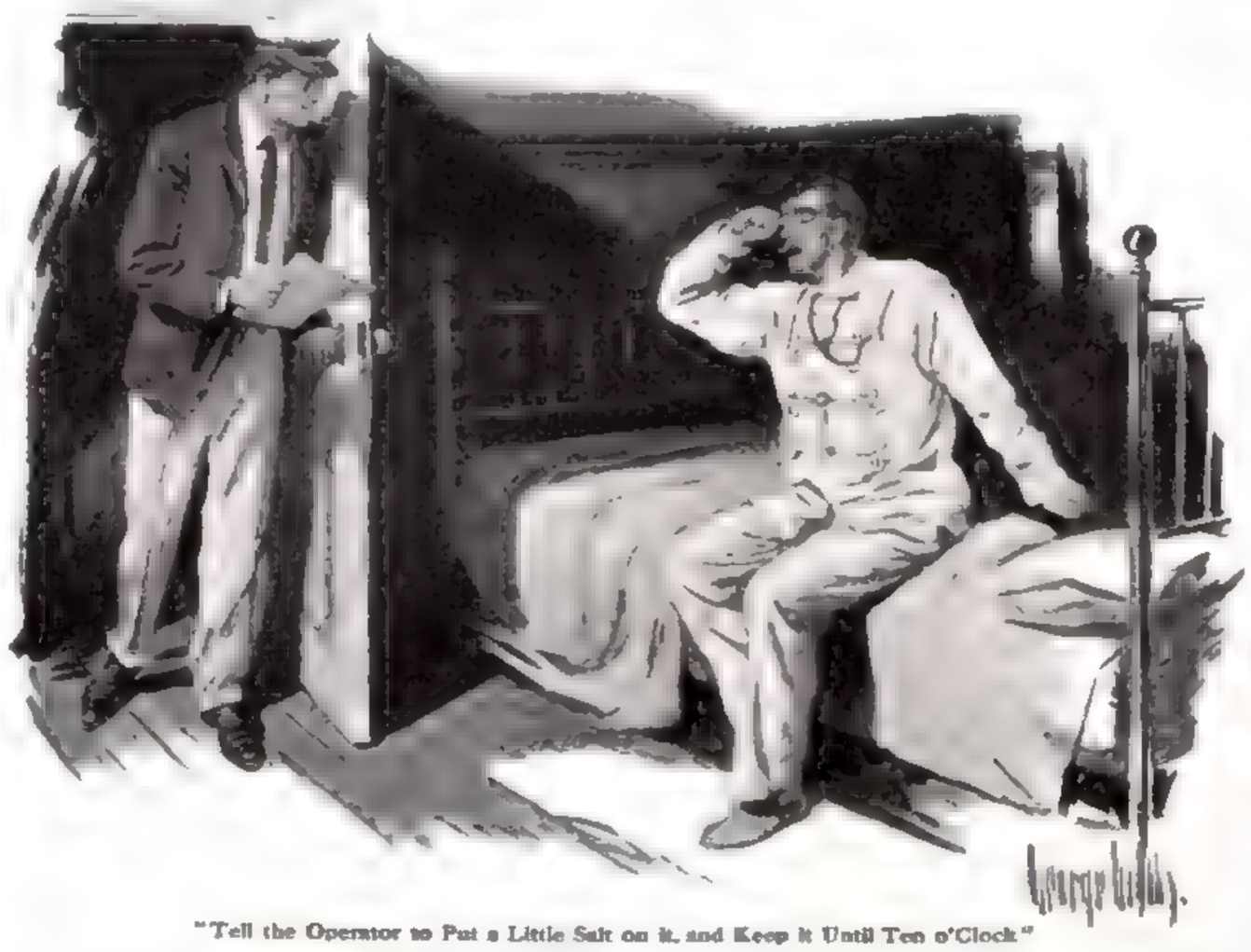
"What's the matter? Are you ill?" asked Stranleigh, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"No. You don't need the electric light. Draw your curtains. It's morning."

"Morning? Heavens and earth! What hour of the morning?"

"Half-past seven. I've got a dispatch here from Mackeller."

"Now, maledictions on his early rising," cried his lordship with ringing indignation. "If that man thinks I've left him in my house to rouse me up at half-past seven in the morning he's mightily mistaken. You can't send an electric spark through and paralyse him, I suppose? If anything from Mackeller comes at this untimely hour of the morning, tell the operator to put a little salt on it and keep it until ten o'clock, at least. Half-past seven! Blow Mackeller! He ought to be a farm laborer."



"Tell the Operator to Put a Little Salt on It, and Keep It Until Ten o'Clock"

"Well, it's my fault, Lord Stranleigh. I thought this was so serious that you should see it at once. It may be that you'll have to turn in to the nearest port and get back immediately to London."

"Lord save us! What's the matter? Give it to me," cried Stranleigh, sobering down at once. As Stranleigh read the typewritten message his brows lowered and a glow of dull anger burned in his eyes.

"In each of the newspapers this morning," he read, "there is a full-page advertisement of the Honduras Central Rubber Company, whose shares to the extent of a million pounds are offered to the British public. The name of Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood figures in large type as chairman of the board of directors, and there is printed in the prospectus an alleged extract from a letter of yours, dated sixteenth of last month, stating that, with the rise of the automobile industry all over the world, this company is certain of a most successful career. I happen to know that Isador Isaacstein was endeavoring to promote a company of this name. Isaacstein's reputation in the city is none too good, but his name does not appear on this prospectus. I have roused up your secretary, who tells me that he knows nothing of your consenting to join such a venture, and that he has written letters from your dictation refusing to have anything to do with it. He has shown me a copy of a letter in which the extract in the prospectus actually occurs. This letter was written on the date mentioned, to the Honorable John Hazel, and as I understand you are a guest of Mr. Hazel's, he may, perhaps, explain to you how this letter came into the hands of people for whom it was not intended. So far as I am able to learn at this early hour all the names of the board of directors are people of respectability, and some of

(Continued on Page 22)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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The Energy of the Diamond

A THING that no truly conservative economist can contemplate without sadness is now taking place all over our fair land—or, at least, in all those sections of our land which are tolerably fair at this season.

Strong men and robust youths are gathering day by day to expend their energies, not in fruitful toil, but in the mere wantonness of tossing a leathern sphere and striking at it with a bat. Their number mounts actually into the thousands, yet it is as nothing compared with the myriads who will desert bench and desk next summer to watch them manipulate the ball, the while uttering barren cries and beating the air with unproductive arms.

The labor-power annually frittered away in baseball parks would dig the Panama Canal, grade a railroad, or break every strike in the country; and it is a portentous sign of our fall from the revered polity of our fathers that practically nobody objects to it.

Time was when an exultant economist was able to point out with great pride that the little children, industrially employed in a single second-class English city, produced wealth every year to the extent of ten thousand pounds over and above the cost of their maintenance—which was mostly gruel and rags. When England was really merry any able-bodied, unpropertied man who was discovered not at work was, *prima facie*, a criminal, and had his ears sliced unless he promptly found a job. Singularly enough—and perhaps unhappily for the fathers' reputation as economists—the world was not nearly so prosperous when the common working-day was twelve to fourteen hours as when it is eight to ten.

The Power of the Public

THE fight for three-cent street-car fares in Cleveland and Detroit gives no sign of languishing after several years' duration. In the latter city the contest dates back to Pingree, and in Cleveland the people have elected, four times in succession, a three-cent-fare mayor.

There have been ordinances, rival franchises, leases, injunctions, mandamuses, appeals, exclamations and objurgations to an amazing extent; but in the tangle one thing is clear: the people have stuck, and the company, in spite of all its sacred contract rights and franchise rights, has yielded ground inch by inch. It has offered to give seven tickets for a quarter; offered to make a six-months' trial of three-cent fares, and at length has consented, nominally, at least, to Mayor Johnson's proposal that its property be appraised and leased on the basis of its actual value. Detroit has not got quite so far, but is making progress, and expects to make more next year when certain franchises expire. In Chicago, under the new ordinances which are the result of a ten-years' fight by the people, the city recently received $633,831, being its fifty-five per cent. of the net profits for eleven months of one of the two companies.

Wherever the people will stick, in short, they can make the public service corporation do what they wish. Their inclination to stick increases yearly. In proportion as they do stick, and the companies are brought down to the basis of a moderate, fixed return upon the actual capital invested, there will probably be a warmer, friendlier feeling toward municipal ownership in many corporation offices.

Fooling with the Finances

THE Chicago Association of Commerce, following its namesake in New York, registers an earnest protest against the Aldrich Emergency Currency Bill.

We are not prepared to believe there is the least possibility that Congress will pass this vicious measure against the practically unanimous objection of the country. And if the chances of the Aldrich bill are nil, the chances of the Fowler bill, permitting every national bank to issue circulating notes based on its general credit, may be reckoned at nil minus.

Since our currency system is admittedly not the best that we might have, some time it will be changed. Only one way to change it advantageously is known to man. That way, we mean, is the only one that has been tried out in actual experience under conditions that are comparable to our own. Any other way must necessarily be an experiment.

Why should we experiment when the experience of other great commercial nations offers a well-marked, main-traveled road that we may follow? The tried and approved way is, of course, a central Government bank of issue. Until those interested in currency reform get ready to stop fooling and do it right we hope to hear no more of the subject.

Happy, Happy Pittsburg

POSSIBLY a jealous and licentious press—first, by giving the widest publicity to events that none but judges and alienists had any business to know; next, by animadverting thereon—did succeed in creating in some quarters the unjust impression that our basic institution, the American Home, wasn't getting as good a show in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, as its record and importance fairly entitled it to.

That impression, if any such there were, must now be obliterated, and Pittsburg stand forth in a truer light as the most progressive defender of the Home yet discovered. The mayor, we read, has ordained that clubs shall close promptly at midnight in order that all married members may, as soon as possible after that hour, be restored to the bosoms of their families. "This evil has become a serious one in Pittsburg," according to the report of that same wanton press, "and the mayor has received scores of letters from wives and mothers complaining that their husbands and sons spend all the time at clubs." Hereafter, that lapse from domestic duty will be sternly forbidden them between 12 and 7:30 A. M.

As a rule, when a woman makes doilies it is an indication that there are no weightier duties, at the moment, to distract her mind and consume her time. If the Pittsburg administration is undertaking to see that clubmen get home at midnight it is a pleasant sign that no such tangled and ominous problems as press for attention in less favored cities can be requiring its energies.

A Chance for the Great Gold Syndicate

WHEN South Africa began producing gold, forty-three years ago, the stock of the yellow metal in all the principal banks and treasuries of the world amounted to a little under a billion dollars. Since then the world has produced five and a quarter billions, and the stock in sight is now four billions—leaving two and a quarter billions to be accounted for. Some has been used in the arts. Gold being practically indestructible, the rest must be either in small banks or in people's pockets and stockings.

If some thrifty old gentleman—say Mr. Rockefeller—should produce this missing two billions of gold and deposit it in the National City Bank, the words panic, reaction, depression would instantly be forgotten. Stocks and bonds would boom amazingly. Railroad offices would overflow with orders for rails and engines. Every cold blast-furnace would automatically heat red-hot and begin to roar for its hundred-ton dinner of ore. All industrial wheels would turn like the paddles of an electric fan. The country would grin from the Atlantic ear to the Pacific with inebriate prosperity.

Somebody has the gold. Why don't professional speculators vindicate their claim to originality and usefulness by organizing a Great Gold Syndicate to locate, tempt out and deposit in bank all the numberless little hoards of the stimulating metal?

A Tariff Plank that Needs Planing

WE BELIEVE very much in a radical revision of the tariff, yet there are lengths to which we should hesitate to go in a single step. In such matters, it is often better to attain a just end by degrees than by one violent stroke which would bring much confusion and demoralization for a time. In this view we question the wisdom of the tariff plank which was adopted by the Republican convention at Columbus the other day. This plank demands a special session of the next Congress to "impose such customs duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, with a reasonable profit, to the end that American manufacturers, producers and wage-earners may have adequate protection."

Now, as to iron and steel and many other protected commodities, a tariff which amounted to the difference between cost of production at home and abroad, with a reasonable profit, would amount to exactly nothing at all; and, for the reason indicated above, we do not think it expedient to pass instantly from high protection to absolute free trade. The measure of protection to American farmers and wage-earners in our present tariff is just nothing; but to remodel the schedules on that basis seems to us rash.

We hope the enthusiastic Ohio tariff reformers will pause and take second thought before they further commit themselves to the sweeping program which their plank states.

Giving a Fillip to Anarchy

THERE has been no time in many years when handfuls of melancholy persons in Chicago have not been gathering periodically in obscure halls to spout what it pleases them to call anarchy. They are mostly unfortunates, half-baked, essentially ignorant, muddy-brained. We doubt if the efficiency of an average half-dozen of them would amount to more than one normal man-power. Left to stew in their own grease, their potentialities of harm are quite negligible. But in February, following an assassination in Denver, the agencies to which we refer began to work mightily upon the motive which in some feeble minds is the most potent spring of action—namely, vanity. Day after day lurid headlines above impassioned interviews suggested a secret, ruthless army of destroyers, ready to crush down and sweep aside the forces of law, and before whom society turned pale and trembled.

If anything might nerve a foolish creature to violence, this intoxicating stimulus to his vanity would be exactly the thing. It is not remarkable that one befogged youth was finally inspired to essay the rôle in which the police and newspapers had pictured him as striking terror to the heart of the city.

A number of persons in this country have made a profession of anarchist propaganda. Not one of them has ever been discovered doing anything more violent than to speak in high C. In the obscurity which is their due they would be powerless. Their true stock-in-trade—whatever attraction they have for cloudy brains and influence over them—is derived from the notoriety with which the police and press invest them.

Russia After the Paroxysm

THE dummy Duma still sits at St. Petersburg, as one learns from occasional reference to it in the dispatches, and wins words of gracious commendation from the Czar, whose creature it is.

Oftener mentioned in the dispatches are Government plans for a large loan and a grand, billion-dollar navy—to be administered, no doubt, with the same lavish bureaucratic peculation and corruption which made the other navy formidable to its owners and mere pasteboard to its enemies. The peasants will pay for the loan, and be shot into completer submission by such part of its proceeds as is not squandered otherwise. The dispatches mention, also, resumption of an aggressive Far-Eastern policy and other enterprises in kingcraft. The revolution, in short, is over.

It seems to us there is some instruction here in the utter futility of any mere campaign of terror. Many bureaucrats have been blown up; many others have been acutely aware that their lives were in jeopardy. We think neither circumstance has advanced the cause of liberty in Russia by a hair's breadth, and if the murders had been thrice as many no good to the people would have come from them.

Physical cowardice is not the rule, even among tyrants, but the rare exception. Equally futile were such demonstrations as the general strike—paroxysms to be followed by exhaustion.

This revolution is over. From it, we think, the Russian people will learn that Heaven's first law is as useful in a revolution as in any other social undertaking.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Even an Irish cook may take French leave.

¶ The dramatist in search of a telling situation ought to visit a sewing-circle.

¶ You may be pretty sure that most Pandora chests are opened with a corkscrew.

¶ When the lion and the lamb lie down together, it isn't the lion that goes to sleep.

¶ There doesn't seem to be much choice: If you build your own fortune you die from overwork, and if your father built it for you you die from indigestion.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Keeper of the Scared Cow

JOHN DALZELL is the Keeper of the Scared Cow—what I meant to say was Sacred Cow. Keeper of the Sacred Cow—but as the said cow is just as scared, at this time, as she is sacred, it can go either way.

The Sacred Cow, as everybody knows, is the sole property of the Republican party, and is the especial charge of the Republican majority in the House of Representatives. Her name is Protection, and she has been so closely inbred her horns are shorter than her free-list clauses, which is very short indeed. There are deputy keepers and stablemen in great numbers, who have some of the work to do, but the real keeper, the man who is charged with the solemn responsibility, is John Dalzell.

The cow has been under the guardianship of Dalzell for many years and has waxed fat and sassy. Whenever there has arisen a cry, "To the abattoir with her!" it has been Dalzell's part to rise and shout, "Hold! What would you? Who touches a hair of yon sleek head dies like a dog—if I can kill him—now quit"—he said. So great has become his skill that he can give you forty-nine reasons, in three minutes by the watch, why this nation will perish and fade away forever from the surface of the earth if any impious hand is laid on that sainted policy of Protection, if there is aught to menace the Sacred Cow.

Dalzell comes from Pittsburg, which is synonymous with Protection; both, also, being synonymous with Dalzell. It is a ring-around-a-rosy arrangement that has been in force for two decades. Of course, there was a portion of that time, when Mr. Wilson's tariff was in operation, that the cow was in seclusion, but when Mr. Dingley's tariff got under motion, Dalzell trotted out the cow again and has stood guard over her ever since the momentous days of Mr. McKinley's first term when they were fostering infant industries to beat the band. As the protector of Protection no favor sways him and no fear shall awe. He says that himself. He is for Protection. That is all there is to it. There are no reciprocity or favored-nation or any other kinds of foolishness about his creed. He is as single-minded as a doodle-bug about it. The Chinese Wall for his, and the higher the better, with John Dalzell always with a few broken bottles handy to put on top if any one of the loathsome opposition tries to climb over with a revision proposition tucked under his arm.

Entertaining these views it is but natural that Mr. Dalzell is somewhat of a partisan. Indeed, he may be said to have pronounced leanings toward the Republican party. Of course, there is nothing violent about it. He merely believes that any man who isn't a High-Protection Republican is not worthy of the right of suffrage and should be confined in an institution for the feeble-minded. He has never been able to understand, although he has struggled manfully to master the problem, why the Government does not put balls and chains on all the Democrats and work them on the roads. It is beyond his comprehension, viewing the matter in the cold light of reason, how any person can subscribe to any theory of political economy that is not the Dalzell theory, preached and practiced by him. Of course, he does not go so far as to say this indicates any particular lack of intellectual force on the part of the non-believers, for he is essentially a courteous man. He merely thinks it shows the opposition to be wandering about between imbecility and ineptitude.

Thus broad and tolerant, it is his part to rally the boys whenever there are signs of breaking away. Whenever, in his opinion, the country needs to be told, in a few plain words, how all prosperity, all good fortune, all progress, all benefits—both natural and acquired—come from the beneficent policies of the Republican party; and how dire disaster, all epidemics, floods, blizzards, business failures, hard times, crop shortages, seventeen-year locusts and the grip can be traced directly to the Democratic party, he gets up and tells it.

The formula is always the same. He takes out his familiar wreath of laurel and places it on the corrugated brow of the Sacred Cow. He fires off his regular set piece showing the glories and beauties of Protection. He goes back to the Eighteenth Theban Dynasty and comes down rapidly, touching the high places and showing, conclusively, all that is good that has happened can be put down to the credit of his party and, much as he regrets to say it, all that is bad has occurred because of the Democrats. Looking at the situation solely with his country's good in mind, he fails to discover a ray of hope unless the rule of the majority is perpetuated. He shudders to think what would happen if, by any chance, any Democrat got anything or any Democratic policy should become effective, knowing, as he does, that all patriotism, all high purpose, all love of republican institutions are embodied in those who join with him in the willing service of the Sacred Cow.

The Lord High Protector of Protection

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

In a voice quivering with emotion—for it saddens him to observe there are some who do not think in strict accord with him—he exhorts the unbelievers to get under the big tent before it is too late. Then, lest it might be forgotten, he catalogues the munificences of the policy of Protection again, swears allegiance anew to the Sacred Cow, and sits down expecting all the Democrats in the House to get up in a body and announce their conversion to Republicanism. His perennial surprise at the failure of the Democrats to do this is always unaffected, but he despairs not. When the time comes he patiently does it all over again, just as he has been doing it for the past twenty years.

Inasmuch as he possesses this fixed quality of mind, he is an invaluable aid to Uncle Joseph Cannon, the Speaker, who, from time to time, maps out lines of procedure for the House, he being, as he has often said, the servant of the House and not the master, but giving a very fair imitation of mastery ever and anon. The Speaker has Dalzell on the Committee on Rules. Dalzell is there for a specific purpose. He is not hampered with any ideas about the rights of the minority. That patriot who enunciated the immortal doctrine, with which those who are beaten console themselves, that the minority is always right, would get no hearing from Dalzell. The majority is Dalzell's one best bet.

Manhandling that Mischievous Minority

IT IS Dalzell who usually reports the rules. He gets up and announces to the House that owing to the extreme importance of the pending measure, its widespread relations to the prosperity of the nation and its many similar advantages as a forthcoming law, the Committee on Rules, in the interest of the fullest and freest discussion, has decided to allow twenty minutes' debate, ten minutes on a side, and has further decided that no amendments from the mischievous minority shall be in order. Hoping that these few lines will find you well, and sure that you will see the extreme latitude we have so kindly consented to allow you, what has the benighted minority to say about it, and what difference does it make what they do say?

He does that sort of thing without batting an eye. He listens to the agonized screams of John Sharp Williams and De Armond and the rest, idly sniffing at his red carnation, and when the twenty minutes are up calls for the question in a dispassionate manner, and his party falls in behind him. He has gagged them once again. Is it an outrage? Possibly; but it is a Republican outrage. Do you see the point?

From this it can be seen what a valuable adjunct to the orderly progress of business, along Cannonesque lines, Dalzell really is. The Speaker couldn't keep House without him. There is never any danger that Dalzell will get off the track, leave the reservation or fly the coop. He stays put. No exterior influences sway him. He is a Republican. All right: the Republicans can do no wrong, especially if Dalzell is there to hold them in the middle of the road.

At that he is a man of great ability, a forceful speaker, an adroit debater and a pleasant man to meet. Large as the Republican majority has been in the House for some years past, it would not have had such easy times if Dalzell had not been always on the job.

Keeper of the Scared Cow—there it is again, and this time it stands without qualification—for the cow is scared. Dalzell, even rock-ribbed Dalzell, admitted in one of his speeches a few days ago that, perhaps—it was just possible—it might be so arranged—that that tariff would be revised after the next Presidential election.

Scared? Scared stiff!

His Son Did the Worrying

"DURING the recent financial stringency," said Major Alexander McDowell, clerk of the House of Representatives, "I read a lot of advice in the papers about not worrying, and keeping cheerful, and letting the other fellow do the fussing, and all that. It reminds me of a man I knew up in Bradford, Pennsylvania, who was in business with his son.

"A man who knew the father well came in one day and said: 'Bill, I want to get a little advice from you.'

"'Go ahead,' the father replied.

"'Well, you see, it's this way. I owe a certain party quite a sum of money and he's been dunning me for it pretty sharp. Now, I haven't got that money at present, and I can't get it, and it worries me tremendously to think I can't pay it. I want to pay it, but I can't, and I am bothered to death about it.'

"'Forget it,' said the father cheerfully. 'Forget it. My plan in cases like this is to let the other fellow do the worrying. Don't bother yourself about it. Let him worry, I say.'

"'Thank you,' exclaimed the visitor, as he started to leave. 'I'm glad you feel that way about it. You see, the man I owe the money to is your son.'"

Legs and Legs

AFTER the Ways and Means Committee had been compelled to leave its old quarters and go over to the new House of Representatives office building some of his friends were sympathizing with Champ Clark.

"It might have been worse, Champ," they said. "Cheer up. Pretty soon they will have the electric cars running in the subway and then you can ride over."

"Yes," replied Clark. "It might have been worse. Reminds me of an Irishman I knew down in St. Louis who had both of his legs cut off by a railroad train. 'It might have been worse, Mike,' they said.

"'Sure,' Mike replied; 'suppose I had been a chorus girl.'"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Stuyvesant Fish is the handsomest railroad man in this country.

¶ Louis A. Coolidge, the new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, used to be a reporter.

¶ Senator Proctor, of Vermont, who died the other day, was once Secretary of War.

¶ Vice-President Fairbanks has developed into one of the best after-dinner speakers in Washington.

¶ Frank B. Kellogg, one of the Administration's chief trust-busters, lives in Minnesota, and looks like an actor.

¶ Senator Bailey, of Texas, breeds trotting horses. The other horse expert in the Senate is Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania.

¶ Captain Benjamin Corning, of the Panama, running between New York and Colon, is the cribbage champion of the Caribbean.

¶ It is a tie between Canal Commissioner Rosseau and Consul-General Shanklin as to which is the handsomest American in Panama.

¶ James W. Wadsworth, Jr., son of former Representative Wadsworth, and Speaker of the New York Assembly, wants to be Governor of the State. He is not yet thirty-five.

¶ Benito Legardo and Pablo Ocampo are the Philippine territorial commissioners to the American Congress. They have neither voice, vote nor seat, but they get their salaries.

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INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT

IN THE United States, where one out of every five persons is insured in some way and where approximately seven hundred million dollars is expended for life insurance each year, the question naturally arises: "Is life insurance a good investment?" In this week's article an effort will be made to answer it. To do so it will be necessary to take up briefly the involved subject of life insurance, about which there is perhaps more popular ignorance than any other business which touches the people's money, and to show the relation between insurance as an investment and other kinds of investment.

Life insurance, which is simply indemnity, may be had in four general forms:

Term insurance, which is protection for a term of years and which expires at the end of that term.

Whole life insurance, which extends over the whole remaining period of a man's life, with premiums payable for life.

Limited payment life, which means the payment of premiums for a limited period, resulting in insurance at no further cost for the remainder of the insured's life.

Endowment insurance, which creates an endowment payable at the end of a given time and which furnishes protection at the same time.

Besides these there are also many other special forms.

Endowment insurance is investment insurance, and it is with this that we are concerned.

Life insurance is either participating, in which the insured shares in the profits and savings of the company; or non-participating, in which the insured does not share in the earnings of the company.

Annual and Deferred Dividends

In order to understand the investment phase of participating life insurance there must be some knowledge of the way dividends are paid. These dividends are really a sort of rebate, or return, premium to the policyholder, representing an excess that he has paid for his insurance. The extent of the dividends depends upon the economy and honesty of the conduct of the company. There are two kinds: annual and deferred. With the annual dividend, the insured knows at the end of each year just what his return from the company is: with the deferred, he does not know until the maturity of the policy, and that often takes twenty years. If the deferred-dividend policyholder dies before the policy matures he loses his dividends, but gets the face value of the policy. There is no guarantee on the part of the company as to what the dividend will be. Thus there is an element of speculation about the results.

The deferring of dividends has helped to pile up vast sums of money with some of the big companies, and this in turn has led to misuse and extravagance, as the revelations in the New York investigations showed. These exposures aroused much feeling against deferred dividends, and as a result a number of States passed laws prohibiting companies from issuing any more deferred-dividend policies. The States which did thus were New York, Massachusetts, West Virginia, North Dakota, Minnesota, Montana and Louisiana. Five other States, Maryland, Michigan, New Jersey, California and Tennessee, will not let the companies defer the dividends longer than five years.

The New York insurance laws which went into effect January 1, 1907, and under which many of the large companies operate, not only prohibit deferred dividends, but prevent any more of the so-called "prize" variations of deferred-dividend policies, such as gold bonds, debentures and continuous installment policies. These laws provide for what are known as standard life policies, which must be issued in New York, and which are also being issued elsewhere where they do not conflict with the laws of the States where they are sold. The companies are required to declare dividends annually, and the policyholder has the choice of the following four ways of disposing of his dividend: (1) Getting it in cash; (2) Applying it to the next

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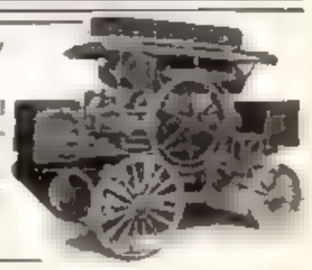

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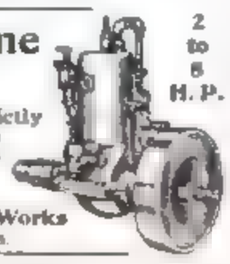

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premium; (3) Applying it to the purchase of a paid-up addition to the policy; (4) Leaving it to accumulate to the credit of the policy with interest at three per cent., payable at the maturity of the policy, but withdrawable on any anniversary of the taking out of the policy. Another feature of the new laws which affects investment insurance is that the companies must do *either* a participating business or a non-participating business. They cannot do both.

Insurance and Investment

Considering one apart from the other, there is a difference between insurance and investment. Insurance is protection; investment is the putting out of money to work (it may be in stocks, bonds, mortgages or in a savings-bank), so that it will earn more money. With insurance you cannot tell just what the cost will be, for you are liable to die any time and the payments for it then cease. With an investment such as a bond you know what the price is. With a participating dividend policy you have no guarantee of what the specific dividend or return will be. With a bond, to continue the parallel, you do know—by consulting the tables of Bond Values and by taking into consideration the price, interest rate and maturity of the bond—what the yield in per cent. will be. Yet insurance and investment have one feature in common—they both make for saving. With insurance the saving is compulsory, because, if premiums are not paid, the policy lapses. Is it prudent and profitable, then, to combine insurance and investment or take each separately? Let us see, with the aid of concrete examples, how each works out.

Take the case of a young man of thirty years who has no one dependent upon him for support and who takes an endowment policy as a savings and investment proposition. Such a man takes a very common form of policy, a participating twenty-year endowment. The annual premium at his age, in six companies, ranges from $19.64 to $51.31 a year for each thousand of insurance. For the purpose of simplifying the calculations and comparisons let us call the premium $50, and the policy a thousand-dollar policy. If he dies before the end of twenty years his beneficiary or estate gets $1000. If he is alive at the end of twenty years he gets $1000. If it is an annual dividend policy he has had the opportunity all along to get cash returns each year; if it is a deferred dividend he gets the accumulated dividends at the maturity of the policy. Since he is being protected all the while he is thus paying for two things: insurance and investment. What is the return to him?

Dividends vary with age and with different companies. They are smaller on the policies of younger men, whose premiums are lower than those on the policies of older men. If our young man had taken a deferred-dividend endowment policy several years before he did, we might show the return to him by giving the accumulations which this kind of policy, under these conditions, averages at maturity. This average is from $100 to $300 a thousand of insurance. Taking $300, the return under the most favorable circumstances, he would get a total of $1300. During the twenty years he would then have paid in $1000, and would have been insured for $1000 all the while.

If the young man had taken out the policy, let us say, in New York and last year, he would get an annual dividend this year. Taking such a dividend at random from a New York company, you find that it would be $4.85. He would then have the choice of the four options already indicated. If he applied the dividend to his premium it would mean that his insurance this year would cost $45.15. If he applied it to his insurance he could have $8 in paid-up insurance. (You get more insurance than cash, because with insurance the company gets the use of the money.) But what would be the total return to the policyholder in 1927, the year in which the policy matures, supposing him to be alive then? That is somewhat uncertain. He would be certain to get the $1000 endowment, while the total sum of cash dividends taken each year would range from $150 to $300, and the cash value of the annual dividends, left to accumulate as additional insurance, would amount to from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. more than this.

Take the same young man who has fifty dollars to put aside every year and let him

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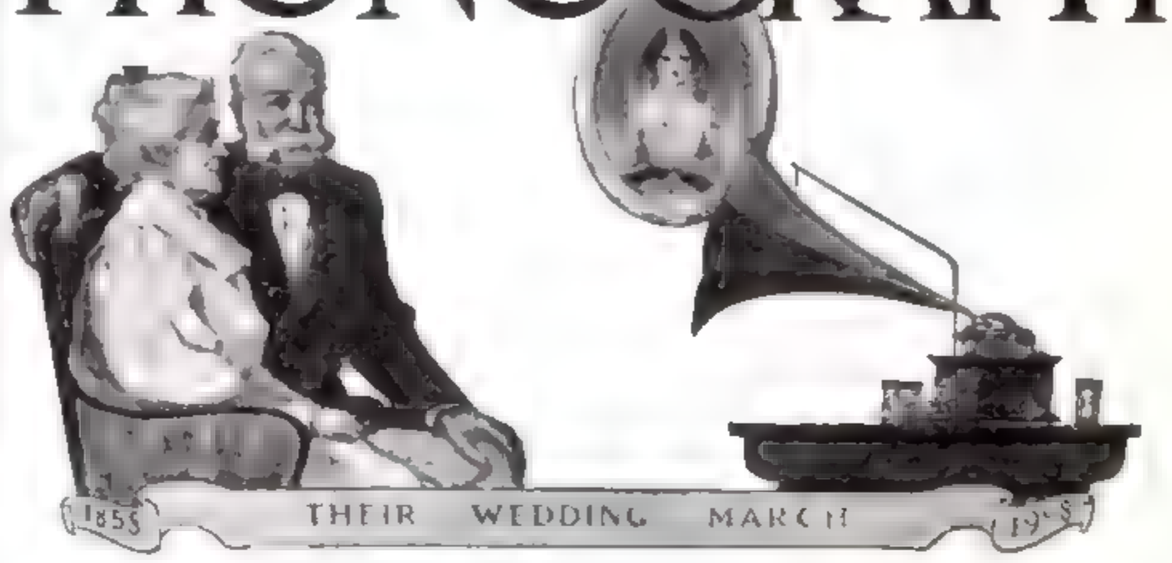

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9797 Hornpipe Medley (Original) Violin . . . . . Charles D'Almaine
9798 Rambling Rose (Heinzman & Walker) . . . . . Harry Anthony
9799 When You Steal a Kiss or Two (Clark) One of the good things from "The Girl Behind the Counter" . . . Ada Jones and Billy Murray
9800 When the World Don't Treat You Right, Come Home (May Irwin) . . Bob Roberts
9801 Spargen . . . (Intermezzo Bratton) . . . . . Edison Symphony Orchestra
9802 When We Listened to the Chiming of the Old Church Bell Helf & Roden . . Manuel Romain
9803 Way Back Down A Kentucky A lively Rube duet . . . . . Collins and Harlan
9804 The Romany Lass Adams and Weatherly A gypsy love tale . . . Frank C. Stanley
9805 Call of the Wild March Losey . . . . . Edison Military Band
9806 I'm Looking for the Man That Wrote "The Merry Widow Waltz" Firth & Selden . . . . . Edward M. Favor
9807 The Vagabonds (Original) . . . . . Spencer and Girard
9808 See-Saw (Edwards & Gardenier) . . . . . Ada Jones
9809 Sweetheart March (Pryor) Xylophone . . . . . Albert Benzler
9810 Flanagan's Mother-in-law (Original Monologue) . . . . . Steve Porter
9811 Lord, I'm Coming Home (Kirkpatrick) Sacred Selection . . . Anthony and Harrison
9812 I Got It See a Minstrel Show (Van Tilzer & Bryan) . . . . . Arthur Collins
9813 Christ Arose (Specially arranged for Easter selection . . . Edison Concert Band
9814 The Message of the Lucy Ball A Recitation . . . . . Allen Waterous
9815 Si and Sis, the Musical Sports (Original Vaudeville Sketch) Ada Jones and Len Spencer
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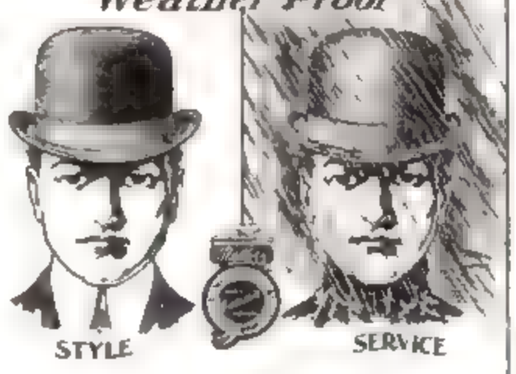
Ask your dealer or write to us for The Phonogram, describing each Record in detail; The Supplemental Catalogue, listing the new April Records; the Complete Catalogue listing all Edison Records in existence. Records in all foreign languages.

National Phonograph Co., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Mallory
CRAVENETTE HATS
Weather Proof



The Mallory Cravenette Hat is DOUBLY Guaranteed

The name of Mallory, since 1823, has stood for the best in men's hatwear—honest materials, best workmanship, and styles that are accepted as standards.

Besides this guarantee of excellence, the Mallory Cravenette Hat has what no other hat can have—the quality of being *weather-proof* from the Cravenette process. This makes a Mallory stay new in spite of all kinds of weather

Derbies and Soft Hats,
$3.00, $3.50, $4.00.

For sale by first-class dealers everywhere.

We send free, upon request, an illustrated booklet of hat styles for 1908

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.
Established 1823
13 Astor Place, Cor. Broadway, New York
Factory: Danbury, Conn.

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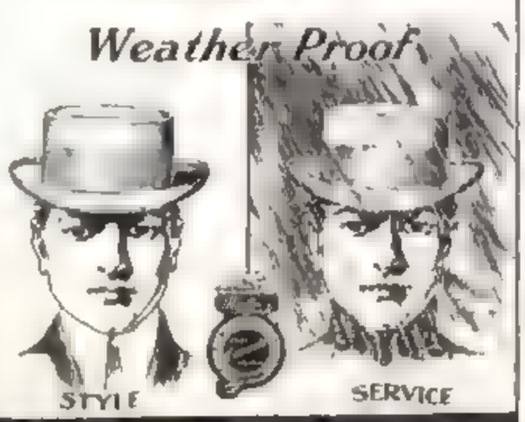

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CRAVENETTE HATS

WE PAY THE FREIGHT
Buy Them Where They Grow
California Dried Fruit
Direct to You. Special Introductory Offer

50 Pound Family Assortment **$6.00**

25 lbs. French Prunes (large size)	15c kind
10 lbs. Yellow Peaches (halves)	20c kind
5 lbs. Royal Apricots	30c kind
5 lbs. Seedless Sultana Raisins	15c kind
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Will ship you a sample assortment, 26 ounces in all for 50 cents, or 13 ounces in all for 25 cents. Fancy high-grade, carefully prepared in the original package, handled only once, and not exposed to dirt, dust, and unclean hands as in stores.

We pay the freight to any railroad station east of the Rocky Mountains, and all points west on a 100 pound order.

Remit a P. O. or Express Money Order.
Be sure to give full name and address.
Our reference, First National Bank, Colton, Cal.

California Fruit Products Co.
Dep. A, COLTON, CAL.

WE TEACH TELEGRAPHY QUICKLY and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for operators and furnish RAILROAD PASSES TO DESTINATION. Expenses very low and students can earn their board. 60-page book telling about it—Free. *Railroad wires in school.*
Valentine's School of Telegraphy
(Estab. 35 years.) Janesville, Wis.

make the simplest form of investment, which is putting his money in a savings-bank. Fifty dollars a year, invested every year in a savings-bank, will aggregate the following amounts at the end of twenty years: at three per cent. it would be $1383.83; at three and a half per cent. it would grow to $1463.42; at four per cent. it would represent $1548.46; at four and a half per cent. the sum would be $1639.15, and at five per cent. it would total $1735.96.

Thus the total amount of money in the savings-bank, compounded at the lowest rate of interest, is more than the endowment policy would yield. But there is this factor to be considered: the insured man might have died the second year. In that case the estate or beneficiary would have received $1000. If he had died the second year with only the savings-bank deposit, his estate would have received only the two years' deposits with interest.

Combining Insurance and Investment

Now, suppose this same young man with fifty dollars to put aside each year decided to get both investment and insurance, but separately. At his age he could get term insurance, the cheapest kind, for $14 a thousand, which is higher than many companies charge. This would give him $36 to put into the savings-bank each year. If he died in the fifteenth year of his policy he would have the $1000 insurance and $749.52 in bank, at four per cent. interest. If he died in the nineteenth year of his policy he would have the $1000 insurance and $1036.01 in bank, assuming that he still got four per cent. interest. At the end of twenty years, when his term insurance expires, he would have in bank $1114.89. By this plan he would get the same insurance protection as in a higher-priced policy, and by depositing his money systematically in a savings-bank have as much cash as if his policy had been an endowment. Also, he would receive the face value of it, without dividends. On the other hand, the only compulsory saving feature in such case would be represented by the $14 premium. Whether or not he put the remainder of the $50 in the savings-bank would depend upon his strength of purpose.

Now, let us see how he would have fared with a non-participating endowment policy. At thirty years of age in the largest companies the premium per thousand of insurance a year ranges from $42.63 to $43.46. Since we used an average before, let us call this premium $42, for it simplifies the calculations. In twenty years he will have paid in $840. If he dies before the maturity of the policy his estate or beneficiary gets $1000. If he lives to the maturity of the policy he gets $1000. There are no dividends. If he had put the difference between the premium on the participating policy heretofore used, and the premium on the non-participating policy now used (the difference being $8), in a savings-bank each year, it would amount, at the end of twenty years, at compound interest at four per cent., to $247.76. With the endowment plan the total cash would be $1,247.76.

For the average man with a family dependent upon him for support and who wants the largest amount of protection for the least cost, straight insurance that insures and does nothing else is the thing. If a man who cannot save otherwise wants something to compel him to save, and at the same time give him some sort of return, he will find it in an endowment policy. Whether this shall be a participating or non-participating policy is for him to determine. For a compromise between straight insurance and investment insurance he should get limited payment life, in which he is relieved of the burden of premiums after a certain period, though the insurance is continued until death.

The man who buys an insurance policy, whether for saving, protection or investment, should expect the same security behind it that he demands when he buys a bond. Careful investigation is essential.

As a result of the anti-deferred-dividend legislation the question comes up: Can a deferred-dividend policyholder now come in under the annual dividend laws and get his cash accumulations? This rests with the companies, because all policies written under the old laws constitute legal contracts. Some companies refuse to make any changes; others are willing to give the deferred-dividend policyholder an amount of new or added insurance in exchange for his accumulated dividends, and henceforth give him annual dividends.

The Howard Watch

There's small satisfaction in always being open to correction on any point. Yet men put up with *near*-time as though there was no such thing as accuracy.

A HOWARD owner may find pleasure in *verifying* the time as he passes the jeweler's window, but he is not the man who stops to "set" his watch. He can face a chronometer without an apology. He walks up to the window with calm assurance—as one meets an equal.

It's the *movement* and *adjustment* that make the HOWARD the finest practical time-piece in the world—not the number of jewels or the amount of gold in the case. It's a matter of science: of workmanship.

The HOWARD was the first American watch 1842; it has held first place for sixty six years and has been finer every year.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD. If you have any difficulty in finding it, write to us for the name of one who can supply you.

The price of each HOWARD watch—from the 17 jewel, 14K gold filled cases, guaranteed for 25 years, at $35, to the 23 jewel, extra heavy 14K gold cases at $150—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

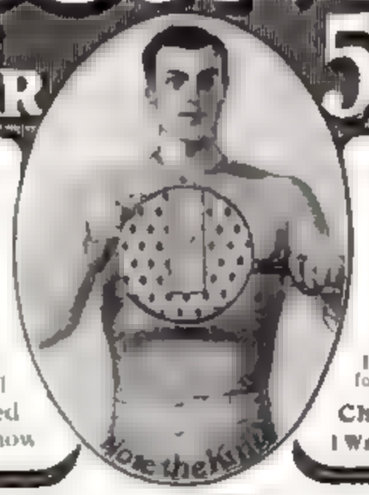
Find the nearest jeweler in your locality and ask him to show you a HOWARD—tell him why it is more highly regarded than any other watch and why there's satisfaction in carrying it.

Elbert Hubbard visited the home of the HOWARD Watch and wrote a book about it. If you'd like to read this little journey drop us a postal card. Dept. H—we'll be glad to send it to you. Also a little catalogue and price list, with illustrations actual size—of great value to the watch buyer.

E. Howard Watch Company, Boston, Mass.

TRADE MARK "Porosknit" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR 50 cents the Garment



The only really logical Summer underwear for men. Note the "*Porosknit*" texture—see the open knit that lets the "body breathe" and gives the wearer cool comfort in torrid days.

"*Porosknit*" quality in "*Porosknit*" garments will outwear any similar priced underwear you used to know.

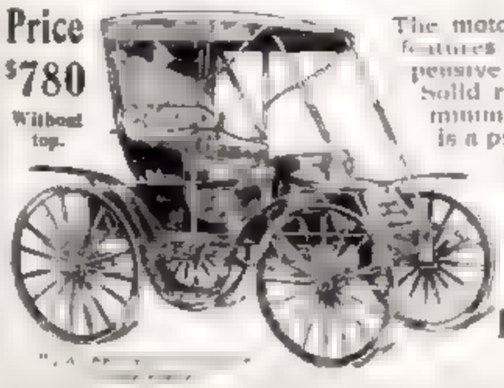
Go to the dealer and don't merely ask for "*Porosknit*" but look for our trade mark label on each garment. It's the guarantee of your getting the real "*Porosknit*" and prevents substitution.

If you can't find "*Porosknit*" write for our booklet "Inside Information."

Chalmers Knitting Company
1 Washington St., Amsterdam, New York

Reliable Dayton Motor Car

Price $780 Without top.



The motor car triumph of the day. Proved mechanical features found in no other car of carriage type. Expensive features of ordinary motor cars eliminated. Solid rubber tires. Gives maximum of service at the minimum of cost. Any speed up to 25 miles an hour. It is a practical car for year around service. A sensible car for sensible people and the first motor car to return a dollar's worth of service for every dollar of first cost and maintenance. Succeeds the horse; not the locomotive. Compare the Reliable Dayton point for point with other cars.

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First Departure April 18, 55 days, $475.
Most comprehensive and attractive ever offered.
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PATENT LEATHER SHOES GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

The World Famous BURT & PACKARD

Korrect Shape Shoes For Men

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Are made from our "Burrojaps" patent (and dull) leathers. No other patent leather shoe in the world bears this "Burrojaps" guarantee.

All Korrect Shape Shoes (250 Styles) fit, for they are all made upon the famous Korrect Shape model (see Trade Mark) with all the latest exclusive shapes and styles of toes, and are sold throughout the United States at 5,000 of the leading stores. If you do not find them readily, write us for directions how to secure them, as we carry them in stock at our shops.

Price $4

Burt & Packard "Limited" Line $5

PACKARD & FIELD, Makers
Brockton, Mass.

OUR GUARANTEE

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This label is in every "Burrojaps" Korrect Shape Shoe, and stands as a guarantee that the "Burrojaps" uppers will not break through before the first sole is worn through.

In the event of a "Burrojaps" Shoe wearing contrary to this guarantee, the retailer from whom these shoes were purchased is authorized to replace them with a new pair.

Packard & Field

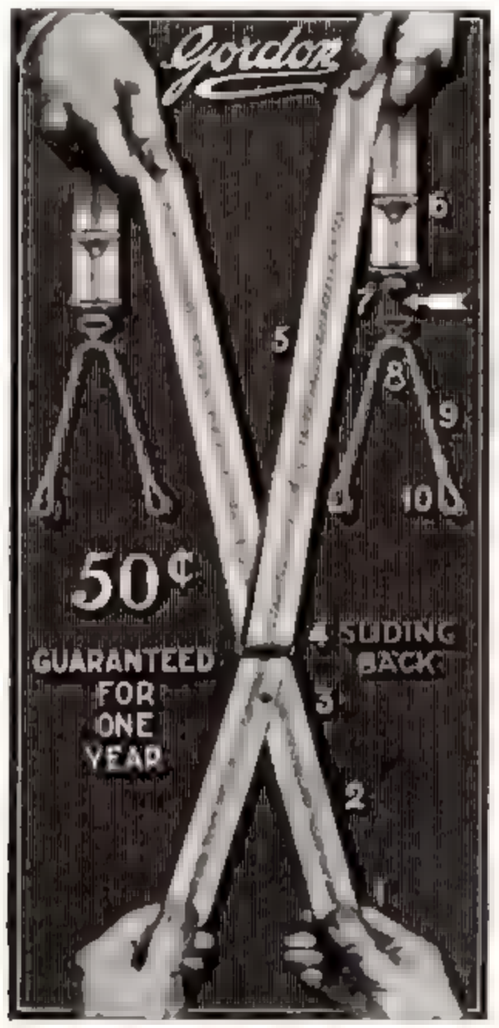
GORDON SUSPENDERS

THEY NEVER GROW LONGER

Lightweight but the strongest of all suspenders

THE life of a pair of suspenders with rubber in the webbing is short. Steam heat, dampness and perspiration kill rubber. The heat of the sun on rubber webbing suspenders displayed in store windows kills the rubber. You cannot tell how long the manufacturer had the suspenders in stock before the retailer got them, nor how long they were on the store shelf before you bought them. The longer they have stayed on the shelf the weaker have they become and the less are they worth.

No matter how long Gordon Suspenders stay in stock, they're as good when you buy them as on the day they leave the factory.



1—Buttonholes in the back ends are NOT cut in—they are WOVEN in the webbing, which makes buttonholes that cannot tear

2—There's plenty of stretch here for bending

3—Ends are double stitched and clasped and cannot separate

4—Smooth, sliding web back, which slides with every move. Relieves all strain and affords full shoulder freedom. No leather, rollers, rings, or unnecessary metal.

5—Substantial double faced webbing. Light in weight, yet stronger than other suspender webbings because it contains no rubber. Rubber weakens and rots and the webbing becomes uselessly long. Gordon webbing having no rubber cannot weaken or grow longer

6—After fixing to fit, the buckles need never again be raised, which with elastic suspenders is an every-now-and-then necessity.

7—Ends unhitch and connect quickly, making it unnecessary to unbutton them. The grip is convenient, simple, strong

8—Tubes through which the cable-yarn ends ride without hitch or hindrance, and with the sliding back relieve all strain and pressure

9—White cable-yarn ends are the strongest of all suspender ends. Proof—our one year guarantee

10—Pliable cable buttonholes which CANNOT tear. Buttonholes in leather DO widen and tear

OUR ONE YEAR GUARANTEE: If ends break within one year we give new ends FREE. If other parts break within one year we give a new pair of Gordon Suspenders FREE

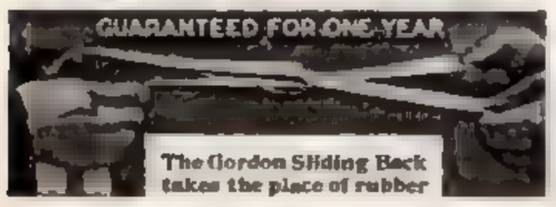
4 sizes: 33 for men 5 foot 6 and shorter. 35 and 37 for medium sized men. 40 for tall men. Size is on every pair.

If your dealer has no Gordons he should be willing to get them for you. If not, then buy of us by mail, **50c a Pair Postpaid.**

If you're not satisfied with Gordons after a week's wear we will return your money. Please try your home stores first.

When ordering mention length from back suspender button over shoulder to front suspender button.

GORDON MFG. CO., 261 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y.



YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

(Continued from Page 15)

them are rich. Selwyn's Bank is given as the banking firm of the new company, and, as you know, this is a financial house of the very highest standing in the city. The whole prospectus seems not only genuine, but most attractive, and the one-pound shares are offered at twenty-five shillings each, which shows that its promoters seem very confident about getting the money. Nevertheless, I thought it best to acquaint you with the fact that your name is blazoned abroad as the leading spirit of this company, and I await your instructions. It is still three hours till the bank opens, and up to that time nothing can be done."

"By Jove!" said Stranleigh, just above his breath; then again he murmured, "By Jove!" and a third time, "By Jove!" The tidings he had read were so unexpected, and for the moment his own position seemed so hopeless, that the blow temporarily suspended the young man's originality of expression. He stepped out of bed into a pair of slippers, threw a dressing-gown over his shoulders, and spoke in a whisper, as if all the ship were listening and he did not intend them to hear.

"Thanks, Marlow. You've more than repaid me, my boy, for anything I can ever do for you. Let's get into the operator's room," and so they crept like a pair of conspirators down the passage.

Entering the operator's office they found a youth seated on a stool before a telegraphic instrument, whose wires went through the partition into the next room.

"Are you still in touch with London?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the operator.

"Now, Marlow, pray that we don't get out of range until my message reaches Mackeller."

"Shall I go on deck and ask the captain to stop the steamer?"

"No, no, no, no, no, no!" said Stranleigh in tones so eerie that somehow Marlow gathered that they were in a trap of some kind and that nothing of this was to be breathed in the outer air. Stranleigh's face was transformed by a look of intensity such as the other had not considered so easy-going a countenance capable of.

"Take this message: 'Mackeller. The use of my name is quite unauthorized. Get into communication as soon as you can with the chief of my company solicitors, J. R. Benson. See him, if possible, before the bank opens, but whether you see him or not, be at the head office of Selwyn's Bank as soon as the doors are unlocked, and tell Alexander Corbitt, the manager, that he is to hang on to every penny of money paid in until you have time to get a legal injunction compelling him to do this. He is a gruff man, but rigidly honest, and you can trust him to do all in his power. Pay over to him five hundred pounds or so, and take out that amount of stock in the new company. This will give you a legal standing and enable you to set the law in motion against these scoundrels.' Ask Mackeller if he is getting that."

"Yes," answered the operator, after a few minutes.

"'Then go on, 'The checks paid in will all be crossed, therefore must be put into some bank, and I am quite sure that bank will not be Selwyn's, for I believe that these villains intend to withdraw all the money as soon as they can and make off with it. My reason for thinking this is that Isaacstein, who is, undoubtedly, at the back of this, knows perfectly well that, as soon as I announce the use of my name as unauthorized, he must return in full every subscription sent in under a misapprehension. Don't imagine that you are dealing with merely unscrupulous financiers. You have against you simply robbers and thieves, therefore, perhaps the first thing you should do will be to communicate with Scotland Yard, which will be open at this hour, even if my solicitor and Corbitt cannot be got at for some time. Take this dispatch down to Scotland Yard and impress upon the police the necessity for very prompt and secret action. Furthermore, tell them that in case they make a mistake and arrest the wrong man I shall indemnify them for any penalty that ensues, and reward them for their activity. It isn't Selwyn's Bank which must be watched, but the offices of the new company. It is to them that the bulk of the checks will come in, so Scotland Yard must be on the alert, and either intercept the letters sent to these offices or make certain that the thieves do not get away with the plunder. I think it important that every bank in London should be notified, so that the paper may not be negotiated. For reasons that I cannot explain at the present moment, it is impossible for me to put into an English port and reach London. Send to the Press Association a letter for to-morrow's newspapers disclaiming my connection with the company, saying I advise every one who has sent a check to the Honduras Company to telegraph to the bank on which it is drawn, stopping payment. Try to induce Scotland Yard to arrest Isador Isaacstein on any pretense whatever, and hold him as long as they can. They'll find they need him before a great while, and, as I said before, I'll stand the racket if a mistake is made. Now ask the London operator to repeat this whole message, and, Mackeller, you go down to Scotland Yard as quick as you can. Oh, yes, I had forgotten: get that statement of mine out in time for the first edition of all the evening papers. The Central News, the Press Association or any of those companies will help you to a simultaneous delivery of the news all over the country!'"

Lord Stranleigh sat there on the edge of the operator's bunk until the whole message was repeated back to him, then he arose, stretched his arms above his head and yawned.

"I think," he said, "I'll go back and have a little more sleep. Ta-ta, Professor. Burn up all these dispatches. I'll see you at ten-o'clock breakfast, if you can wait till that hour," and Stranleigh went back to bed.

There were no more dispatches up to five o'clock that afternoon, yet the yacht was still in touch with London, but the operator there said Mackeller had not returned, and he was held at his post, not knowing what moment he might be called upon either to send or receive a message. Up to dinnertime no news came. The second dinner was quite the peer of the first, and on this occasion Jack Hazel was much more his own self, telling many good stories at which Lord Stranleigh laughed heartily, proclaiming that no one could relate a story so well as Jack Hazel.

After a smoke and coffee on deck, Stranleigh said the sea air made him sleepy, and he would turn in early. The professor had gone below as soon as he rose from the dinner-table. Jack and the doctor remained over their liquors. As he went along the passage Stranleigh heard the steady, rapid tip-tap of the typewriter.

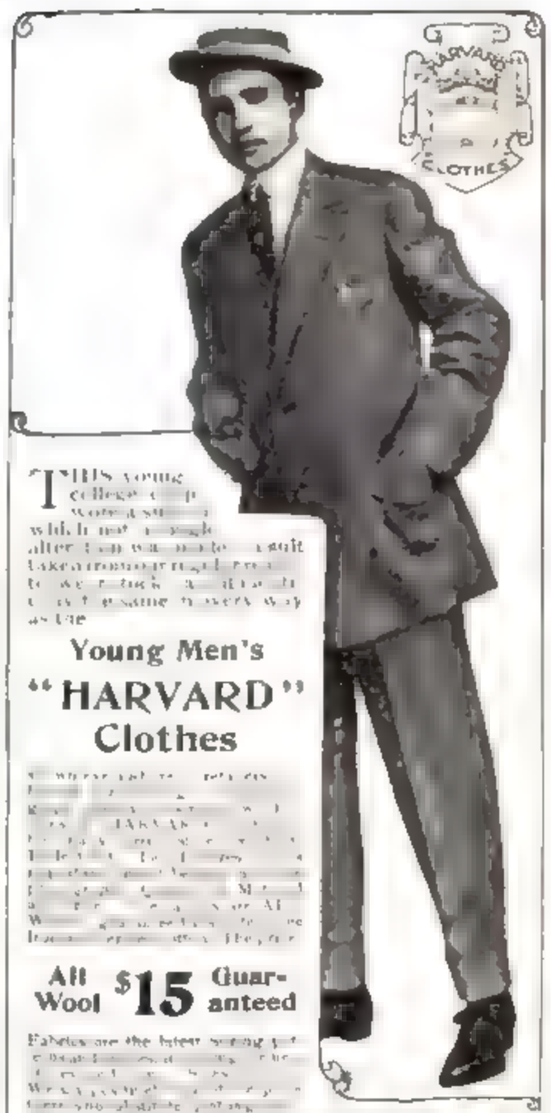
Secure behind the locked door, Stranleigh went into the operator's room and sat down once more on the edge of the bunk. Several sheets of typewriting were ready for him.

"This has been the busiest day of my life," began the record, and Stranleigh laughed.

"I knew that bulldog Mackeller would enjoy every instant of the time."

"The police refused to arrest Isaacstein, as I had no evidence to show his connection with the company. They, however, acted very promptly at the offices in the city, and took in charge every person there at ten o'clock, thus intercepting and impounding all the letters which began to arrive about noon. The news became known on the Stock Exchange almost immediately after the opening, and the first editions of the evening papers were full of the sensation. About noon the manager, arrested at the offices of the Honduras Company, turned king's evidence on Isaacstein, and a warrant was at last issued for his arrest, when it was found that the bird had flown. The extra specials state that he has been arrested in Berlin by the German police, but this cannot be true, for he has not had time to reach Berlin yet. Some very suspicious documents containing the signature of the Honorable John Hazel have been found during the search through Isaacstein's offices and house. I think you should tell him this, and advise him to remain in Spain, or get over into Morocco. I have just had news from Scotland Yard that Isaacstein has been arrested, but it is at Boulogne, and not at Berlin. You will be glad to know that no one will lose any money."

"Hang it all," cried Lord Stranleigh, real distress in his voice, "how can I tell poor Jack Hazel? Mackeller is a capable



THIS young college chap wore a suit which he will not trade after he will make a suit like a man's suit in every way as the

Young Men's "HARVARD" Clothes

All Wool $15 Guaranteed

Fabrics are the latest spring and summer weaves. The ARVARD HARVARD

We will pay all express charges.

DAUBE, COHN & CO.

Makers of Boys' "HERCULES" Suits. Established 1887

Hercules Building, 375-383 Fifth Avenue, Chicago

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

In each pound there are three to four hundred pipefuls—it costs $2.00 per pound—three-quarters of a cent a pipe

If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

SEND 10 CENTS for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known.

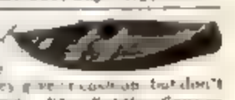
THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

Pioneer Perfect Frames are the Standard

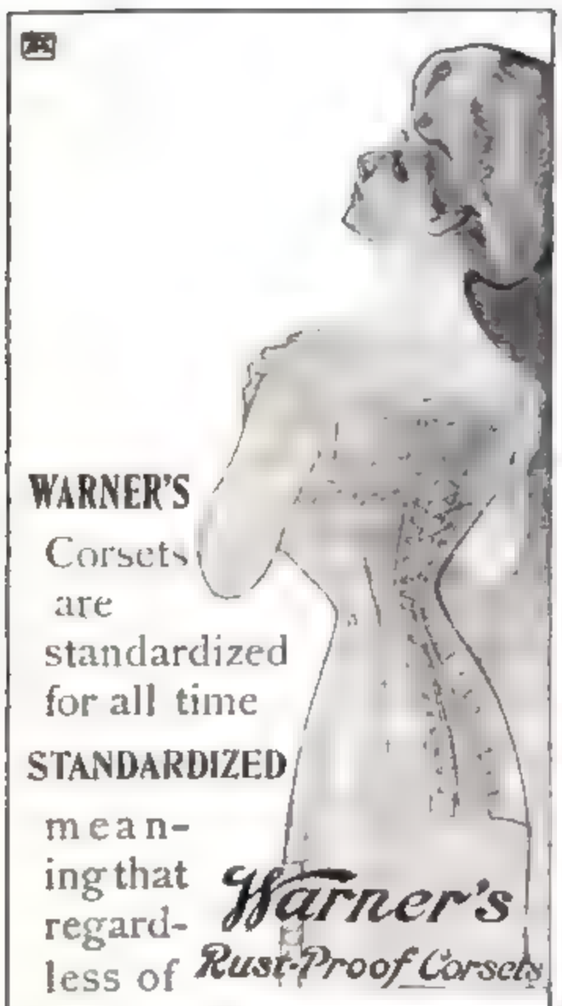
of knock-down construction ... Pioneer Perfect Frames ... the only frames having ... exact shape, set up, trued, tested ... beveled for planking ... two thirds the cost ... Write TODAY for FREE 104 page boat builders' book ... Easy Payment ... simplicity ...

Pioneer Boat and Pattern Co., Wharf 325, Bay City, Mich.

Folding puncture proof Boats



Non-sinkable, take in rapid water ... spring steel frame, unbreakable ... Strike a submerged rock or snag and they give ... don't break ... Folding Canvas Boat Co., 872 Lake St., Muskegon, Mich. (formerly Kalamazoo)



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is extra long and sharp, cannot slip through the head and stick you or work loose. The tongue prevents it.
TONGUE
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Never tears the fabric ... These are features found in no other safety pin ... ask for Stewart's Duplex Safety Pins

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In visiting N. Y. I will show you the entire city and SAVE YOU 30% at least, and show you more in ½ day than you can see in 1½ days. Will meet you at depot, and hotel accommodation ... uniformed men as escorts. Write a week in advance for engagement and terms.
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but send for sample copy of the Inland Poultry Journal and let us tell you how to make money out of poultry. Two full pages in colors, reproductions from oil paintings that cost us $1,000 or ... They are Free.
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18 Cord Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

man, but a callous beast to put such a task on my shoulders."

He fell into a deep meditation for a few minutes, then roused himself as one waking from a sleep.

"This is a nasty business," he said to the professor, "and I'm not just sure how I should act. Of course, you understand the situation. I've been induced to come aboard this yacht by the Honorable John Hazel, whom I regarded as a friend. I don't know whether he knew or not that my name was to be used by Isaacstein in my absence, but he must have been paid to get me out of the way. I very much doubt if he was aware of the barefaced swindle Isaacstein contemplated. He probably thought that I was finicky in a refusal of my name, and doubtless supposed the Honduras Central Rubber Company was a legitimate commercial venture. Well, I can't push Johnny into a corner, and enact the part of Mr. Stiggins. Now, Professor, do you mind if I desert you?"

"You mean to leave the steamer?"

"Yes."

"Certainly not, if it's your wish to do so. Of course, when Mr. Hazel learns what has happened in London he can make no objection to putting you ashore."

"I should rather," said Stranleigh, rising, "that he put me ashore without knowing what has happened in London. When I meet you in London I shall try to make you some recompense for what you have done for me."

"I am already more than overpaid, Lord Stranleigh," said the professor, shaking hands.

Stranleigh went up on deck and found the Honorable John Hazel sitting by a small gipsy table which held a bottle of brandy and some liquor-glasses.

"Hello, Johnny, has the doctor turned in?"

"Yes, he went down a few moments ago. I thought you had turned in, too."

"No, I'm still in the ring, as one might say. I wished to consult the doctor, but it can stand over, as I've quite made up my mind to be my own physician in this case."

"What's wrong?"

"I've taken a most unaccountable aversion to the food on board this yacht."

"Really? Why, I think our *chef* does admirably. You yourself complimented him."

"Yes, I don't pretend to be consistent. Nevertheless, I've made up my mind to go to Paris and order a meal more to my taste. Would you kindly ask the captain which is our nearest French port?"

"You don't intend to leave us?" said Hazel, moistening his lips, and then helping himself to a sip of brandy.

"I'm afraid I must, Jack."

"Sorry," said Hazel, rising and going forward. He returned with the captain.

"We're off the northern Brittany coast, my lord," said the master of the yacht, "and our nearest port is Morlaix. The coast, as you know, is a dangerous one, and I should not like to attempt Morlaix Harbor at night without a pilot. We should have to stand off even in daylight, and put you ashore in one of the ship's boats. Nothing larger than four hundred tons can enter Morlaix Harbor."

"Morning will suit me very well. I wish you would give orders, Captain, to whoever is on duty at that hour, to have me called at half-past six. I think there is an express for Paris from Morlaix at eight o'clock or thereabouts, but, to make sure, I'd better be ashore by seven. Good-night, Captain."

"Good-night, my lord."

Stranleigh rose from the wicker chair, stretched himself and yawned. The Honorable John watched him narrowly.

"Good-night, Jack," he said. "I suppose half-past six is too early for you, and you can't come ashore with me in a small boat?"

"Oh, yes, I can. I'll see that breakfast is ready for you at ten minutes to seven."

"Don't trouble, Johnny; that hour is too early for me. I shall breakfast ashore, and, perhaps, you will keep the yacht waiting long enough to breakfast with me."

"Very good."

Lord Stranleigh went down the companion, leaving an apprehensive man sitting in the wicker chair, who took another pony of cognac to steady his nerves.

It was with a sigh of relief that Lord Stranleigh found himself in Morlaix with the Honorable John by his side, the boatman being told to wait. They walked to the Hotel de l'Europe, and found that the express for Paris left at eight minutes past eight.

"Were you ever in Morlaix before, Johnny?" asked Stranleigh.

"No."

"Over there is an interesting fountain, called the Fontaine des Anglais, and it marks the spot where six hundred Englishmen were treacherously surprised in their sleep and killed. That was in the year 1522. One of their comrades betrayed them for foreign gold. What do you think of that, Johnny?"

"Rather a beastly thing to do," replied Hazel, staring at him.

"Johnny, what was my price?"

Hazel's face suddenly became as pale as the professor's. He made no reply.

"What I really want to know is this: Were you paid cash down, as I hope, or were you to receive the money when the job was done, as I fear?"

"I have broken my contract by setting you ashore, Lord Stranleigh," said Hazel, finding his voice at last.

"Yes, I am sure of that. I am glad you put me ashore of your own free will. Your action wipes the slate clean so far as I am concerned. Does this yacht belong to Isaacstein, or did he merely charter it?"

"He told me he had chartered it, but I learn from the captain that it is his own, acquired from one of his victims. Still, Lord Stranleigh, all that Isaacstein wanted was the use of your name for a day. He himself was going to write to the newspapers, informing them that you had nothing to do with the company. He assured me that not only would nobody lose money, but that all investors would receive at least a hundred per cent. in profits the first year."

"And you believed all that, Jack? Well, you are a simpleton. It is quite true that nobody is going to lose any money, but that is not Isaacstein's fault. The company was brought out yesterday with a great flourish of trumpets, full-page advertisements in all the papers, but it was smashed by Mackeller before noon, and through the prompt action of the police all the letters were intercepted, while Isaacstein's accomplices were arrested at the office of the company. Isaacstein fled on the two o'clock express from Victoria, and at six o'clock last night was arrested in Boulogne by the French police."

"How do you know all this? Or are you just romancing?"

"Now, what I want to warn you about, Jack, is this: The police, in searching Isaacstein's office, have come upon a number of documents signed by you. Have you written anything that connects you with that company?"

"No, those documents must be letters of mine asking for money, and signed receipts when I got it. There was one rather embarrassing paper I had to sign, which was my promise that I'd kidnap you on the yacht."

"I don't suppose that will do any harm, Jack, unless I put the law in motion, which I won't. But Mackeller seemed to think it was serious, and asked me to warn you that it was better for you to remain out of England for a while."

"Then you've been in communication with him by wireless telegraphy!"

"Precisely. You tell the professor what dispatches you want sent to Mackeller and he'll forward them. You should keep in touch with him and learn what is going on, and I'd take his advice if I were you. If he says make for the Morocco coast instead of Cadiz, you'd better do it."

"All right," replied the Honorable John.

Stranleigh reached Paris at six-five that evening, and at eight o'clock was enjoying a dinner of his own selection at his favorite restaurant. In the interval he had read the English morning papers of that day. They were all unanimous in awarding great praise to the police for promptness and efficiency in their successful action against the Honduras swindle, and one journal, whose main stock-in-trade was exposure of the aristocracy and the sins of society, drew a touching picture of that butterfly of fashion, Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood, enjoying himself in a luxurious yacht, while ever-faithful, ever-vigilant Scotland Yard prevented his name from being dragged in the financial mire of rascally company promotion.

"Now that," said his lordship, as he finished his reading, "is what I call real eloquence."

Editor's Note — This is the fourth of a new series of stories of the adventures of Young Lord Stranleigh, by Mr. Barr.

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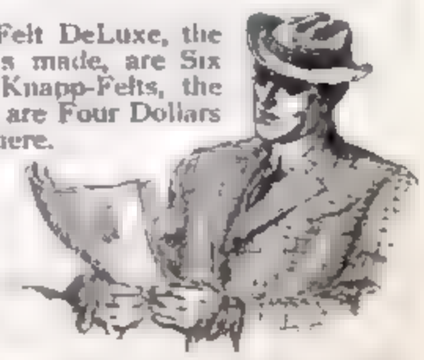

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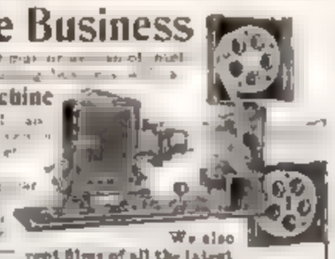

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THE STRONG MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

In the death of the pugilists the waste products caused by rapid muscular work accumulated in their bodies, and, forced to go on with their exertion, they dropped exhausted to death—poisoned by material of their own manufacture.

Less attention paid to mere muscular exercise and more to the condition of the blood and other parts of the human machine would have brought different results. These facts impressed upon a certain class of athletes would be of great moral and social advantage to the world in general. It means that these individuals must have fresh air to live in, clean skins, good, substantial food, a fixed number of hours for sleeping and absolute avoidance of tobacco and stimulants. If it were well understood that no man could go into the ring, or any contest requiring physical exertion, unless he could show that he had lived such a life as to have preserved his organs free from outside poisons, and, after a careful examination by a competent physician, that his condition would warrant a prolonged and severe muscular effort, the result on the moral and bodily habits of a certain class of young men would be superior to any persuasive or semi-religious method that the world has yet demonstrated.

What I have said concerning poisoning by the non-elimination of effete products refers also to the nerves and brain. As the muscles work faster, so do the central nerve cells which send the stimulating impulses to these muscles. These latter cells become fatigued sooner than the muscles. This is a grand feature of physiologic economy; for, did not this condition exist, the muscles would work to an irreparable point.

The muscular differences noted in individuals are in reality the difference in the nerve cells, the action of the muscle indicating the activity of the central nervous system. When the muscles are being exercised the nerve cells indirectly determine the muscular activity.

Poisons of the Body

From the above statement it can be seen why one with exhausted nerve cells should avoid self-exercise. The nervous system should be at rest. If the individual has well-developed muscles and has to rest for a long period, then the muscles should be kept in condition by the exercise of another's nerve cells. This passive exercise can be accomplished by having the muscles massaged. The mere enlarging of the muscles for show, as is done by the general physical culturist, deprives the nervous system of its participation in the work, and makes of the man a muscular freak.

It is the general impression among athletes that exhaustion and "loss of wind" are due to the inability to consume sufficient oxygen and exhale rapidly enough carbon dioxide. When the muscle is moving rapidly and forcibly it is true that it demands more oxygen and gives off to the blood more carbon dioxide than when at rest. When a man is running as fast as he can make his limbs move he is able to keep up the pace but for a short distance, unless, like the hunted hare, he runs to death. On account of the forced, vigorous and rapid muscular action in this case the poisonous materials are thrown into the blood, to be carried to all parts of the body—muscles, nerves, brain. The heart is affected by this poison through the nerve cells controlling that organ; the muscles of respiration are similarly disturbed. The panting, distressed efforts of breathing, sidelong tumbling, inhalation and final semi-consciousness of the hunted stag or hare are good examples of acute self-intoxication ending in death.

One of the main "clearing-houses" of the body, by which the blood is constantly cleared of all its poisons, is the liver. The minute cells of this organ each have their own individual work to perform in transforming the poisonous material into harmless substances. The cells of this "clearing-house" are delicate little organs, and will not stand abuse. All habits having a tendency to cause dyspepsia—eating rapidly, eating indigestible food, constant and intemperate use of alcohol, or excessive use of tobacco—disturb the normal work of the liver. Hence, one of the first aims of the athlete should be to keep this organ in the best possible condition. Any clogging

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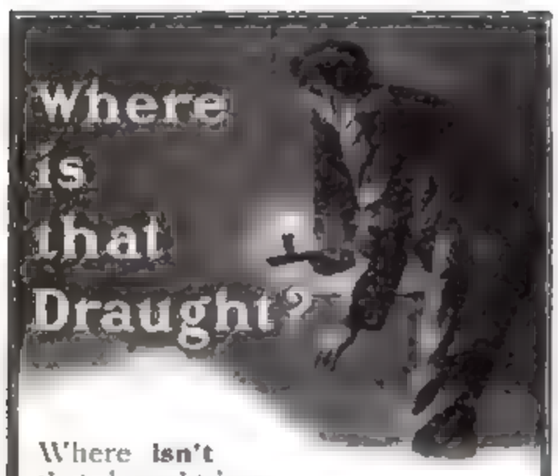

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or disturbance of the functional duties of the liver prevents the blood from being in a pure state. All parts of the body will show distressing symptoms of fatigue and exhaustion if the little cells of the liver have become diseased or useless through intemperate living and ignorance of the specific duties belonging to each separate organ of the human body.

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On the other hand it should be clear that explosion of physical energy is the birthright of every healthy youth, and any attempt, advisory or otherwise, to suppress this bubbling activity is an injustice to the growing man.

THE SIMPLE CASE OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 5)

Lieutenant chose to read her attitude as something more than trivial perturbation; there was apprehension in it—a haunting fear, even.

"Of course, Sue," he said uneasily, "if there's anything I can do for you so far as this chap Wilbur is concerned, all you have to do is to say so."

"No, no," Susan explained hastily. "It's nothing that he's to blame for. It's something that I—that I—it's so hard to explain to any one. I *can't* explain it."

"I don't want you to," replied the Lieutenant sturdily. "I won't let you try. It's none of my business. It's simply if Wilbur is offensive to you I'll go tell him so."

Two limpid blue eyes were raised to the Lieutenant's face gravely. There was no trace of a smile now about the taunting lips.

"Faulk, you've known me for a long time, haven't you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, believe in me—don't quit believing in me. I can't explain—I won't attempt it. But, really, it's funny; it's awfully funny!"

And without any apparent reason Susan burst out laughing. Lieutenant Faulkner stood staring at her blankly.

V

MISS STANWOOD and Mr. Wilbur were chatting.

"Don't you think the army dress uniform is entirely too elaborate?" she inquired casually.

Mr. Wilbur turned and glanced at Lieutenant Faulkner and Susan as they swept down the room together to the strains of a Strauss waltz.

"Well, their wives encourage it in them, I imagine," Mr. Wilbur remarked lightly. "See the worried expression on her face? She probably thinks there isn't enough gold lace."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Stanwood. Then, after a moment: "Is that his wife dancing with him?"

"Yes. Splendid couple, isn't it?"

When we go above a certain strata in social geology we find people who don't exhibit their emotions, but swallow them. Miss Stanwood lived in this clarified, rarefied atmosphere.

"She's beautiful!" she remarked at last.

"I dare say," Mr. Wilbur admitted listlessly.

Something in his tone caused Miss Stanwood to look at him, something in his eyes caused her to look away again, and the red blood rushed to her cheeks. Five minutes later, in the same little nook under the stairs, she tore her dance card into fragments. Then she went home and cried. Just like a girl!

VI

GENERAL UNDERWOOD was not the sort of a soldier who looked well at a function, but in the chaste, unostentatious uniform which he affected in action—that is, shirt open at the throat, trousers, field-glasses and sword—he was to be reckoned among those present. He couldn't murmur a compliment into a lady's ear, but he could roar like a mad bull in the

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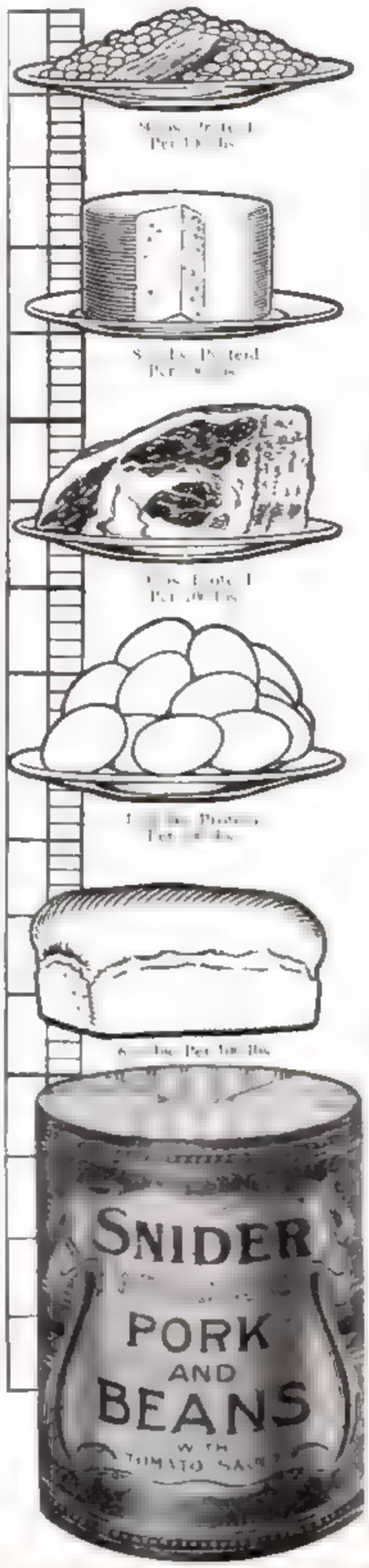

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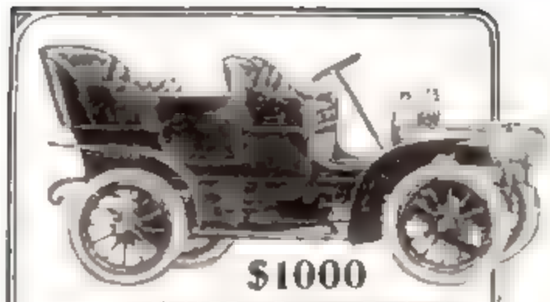

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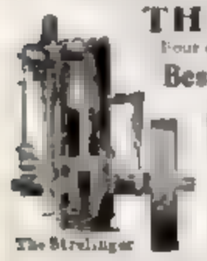

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field, and every man who heard him dodged. His rank had not been handed to him upon a golden platter; he won it a trio of decades ago, fighting Indians, and when need of something more than a lay figure for epaulets arose in the Philippines, General Underwood was shunted out there as a matter of course. He left an indelible imprint on the plains and sierras, and on the islands of the blue Pacific. To this day the wily red man cherishes traditions of the Great Voice, and Filipino mothers frighten their babes to sleep with stories of the mighty warrior, Much Noise.

General Underwood was Lieutenant Faulkner's master in the gentle art of war. Their first meeting face to face and man to man, was an incident which both remembered. The General, with a fresh attack of gout, was hopping back and forth in front of service headquarters, cursing steadily, yet without haste or slovenliness, and pausing now and then to sum up results of a minor engagement through his glasses. A quarter of a mile off to his right, invisible in the tangled, tropical growth, lay a battery of light guns. The occasional flash and bang and hiss and roar of a shell was all there was to indicate the position of the battery. The objective point of fire was a Filipino stronghold nestling in a pleasant valley below.

"Who's in command of that battery?" demanded General Underwood of an aide.

"Lieutenant Faulkner, sir."

"Bring him here."

And after a while Lieutenant Faulkner appeared. At that time he was a slender, boyish chap of twenty-two or so, and spick and span as a new silk hat. The grizzled old Indian fighter scowled at him.

"Are you a soldier?" he bellowed suddenly.

"I hope so, sir," replied Lieutenant Faulkner coldly.

"West Point?" It was a sneer.

"Yes, sir." And that was a boast.

"Well, where do you think you are? At a tea-party?"

Lieutenant Faulkner flushed, but didn't say.

"I suppose you think this is some pleasant little diversion arranged especially for your afternoon's amusement," General Underwood went on. "Well, it isn't, sir. We're fighting, and we're fighting for that." By a gesture he indicated the Stars and Stripes which fluttered and whipped above them. "You've a battery of four guns over there, and you haven't fired a dozen shots in an hour. The order was to smash that cluster of huts. Now go back and do it, sir. Give 'em volleys, sir; pile shells on 'em, smother 'em. Don't leave one stick on top of another. That's all."

"Very well, sir," and Lieutenant Faulkner returned to his post.

Three hours later he reappeared before General Underwood and stood at attention. The commanding officer glared at him; the slender, boyish figure was immaculate as ever.

"Well?" growled General Underwood.

"I should like to borrow a company of infantry, sir," replied the Lieutenant.

"Company of infantry! What for?"

"To shovel off two or three layers of shells, and see if one stick is still left on top of another," replied Lieutenant Faulkner steadily. "And, meanwhile, here's an army manual which gives the proper form of address between *gentlemen*. You might find it useful."

General Underwood glared straight into the imperturbable eyes of the youngster for a moment with slowly rising color. He started to say something violent, but changed his mind.

"It teaches the common or garden variety of etiquette," supplemented the Lieutenant coldly.

General Underwood turned and entered his tent. A few minutes later he reappeared; Lieutenant Faulkner still stood as he left him. The elder man went over and laid one hand on his shoulder.

"You and I were educated in different schools," he said slowly. "Mine taught action, yours action according to a standard. Both are good. But if you intend to stick to the army, my boy, you must learn the value of quantity. Shoot straight, but shoot often, too. If one shot is good, two shots are better, three are better still. It's a rule which applies to all things. Remember it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in four parts, of which this is the first.

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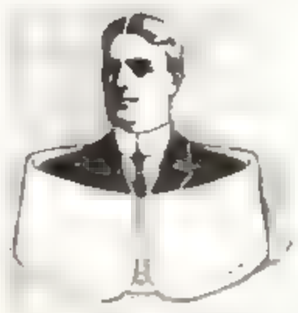

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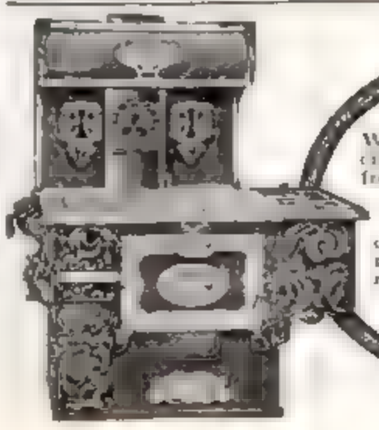

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contains things that every real patriot *ought* to know. Do you know that the "Boys in Blue" are actually *in need of shoes?* Read Rupert Hughes's second BROADWAY article on army conditions.

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The Call of the Shops

A woman's article, written to that [illegible] BROADWAY MAGAZINE, so popular among its women readers. Mabel Potter Daggett depicts the cares and luxuries of New York shopping.

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Is an absorbing detective story in which wireless telegraphy and a "bleak" in the U. S. Navy play a prominent part. It is written by Broughton Brandenburg.

Estelle

By Porter Emerson Browne, is a *humorous classic.* It is the funniest piece of fiction that has appeared in years, with a moth-eaten lion in a melodrama as the hero.

These are only six out of eighteen full-fledged features; briefly here are some others of importance:

"Edward W. Bok: Editor Extraordinary" by Ada Patterson.

"The Cult of the Snicker in Drama-Land" by Harris Merton Lyon.

"Prominent People in Picture and Paragraph."

"Edwin H. Blashfield: Mural Painter" by Florence Finch Kelly.

"The Ghosts of Chartre's Mills" by Herminie Templeton.

"In Search of a Parent" by E. J. Rath.

Other stories by Owen Kildare, Frank Crane, Mrs. Jacques Futrelle, Margaret Fawcett, Thomas L. Masson, and others.

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MEMORIES OF AUTHORS

(Continued from Page 7)

return for him. That was a pretext for going to my abode (it was in Varick Street) and causing a room to be prepared for my friend. He remained in that lodging for two nights and a day. In the course of that time he slept only about four hours. I could not induce him to taste either food or drink; he would not even eat a little fruit that I obtained and contrived to leave in his way. On the morning of the second day he came to my bedside, having a roll of manuscript in his hand, and formally, even frigidly, took leave of me.

"Sir," he said, "I wish you good-morning," and, so saying, he departed.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of that day I entered Delmonico's, then at the northwest corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and there I found Fitz—in glory. He was arrayed in new garments, he had refreshed himself, he was dispensing refreshment to all who would partake of it, and his aspect was that of wealth and joy. He had, in the mean time, sold to Harper's Magazine, for a large price (at least in those days it was considered large), the product of his vigil at my lodging, and he was rejoicing in the sensation of affluence. He was a strange being; I remember that he became angry because I would not borrow some money from him, and at last I was obliged to appease him by accepting the loan of a small banknote.

The composition that he had sold was his fabric of narrative verse called The Sewing Bird—a singularly ingenious work, blending fancy with satire, which had been suggested to him by the sight of one of those little silver-colored birds, then a recent invention, used by sewing-girls to hold cloth. The drift of it is that much of the remunerative work that should be left for women to do is preëmpted and taken from them by men. It meant more at that time, perhaps, than it does now. It was widely read and much admired.

Like many persons of the Irish race, O'Brien was impetuous in temper and "sudden and quick in quarrel." At one time he consorted with a Scotch comrade, Donald McLeod, author of a novel called Pynnshurst, and they were obliged to occupy the same bed. Once, after they had retired for slumber, an angry dispute occurred between them, relative to the question of Irish or Scotch racial superiority. O'Brien was aggressively positive as to the predominant merit of the Irish. McLeod was violent in assertion of the incomparable excellence of the Scotch. "I will not tolerate your insolence," said McLeod. "You can do as you please," said O'Brien. "I will demand satisfaction," shouted McLeod; "a friend of mine shall wait on you in the morning." "Very well," answered O'Brien, at the same time pulling the blanket over himself; "you know where to find me in the morning!" Both the belligerents were sincere in their ferocious intention, but neither could resist the comic aspect of their dispute, and so it ended in laughter. The incident was related by O'Brien.

The following letter, characteristic of O'Brien, and especially expressive of his peculiar humor, was addressed by him to an old friend, the admirable, once eminent, comedian, John E. Owens (1823-1886), the most essentially humorous actor that has adorned our stage since the time of Burton:

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Is your name Owens? This is a query which I wish to have distinctly answered. I remember, on a recent occasion, meeting a person whose mental attractions were only equalled by the beauty of his physical development. That person answered to the name above mentioned. As I learn that an individual bearing the same cognomen is now managing an insignificant theatre in New Orleans, I address this epistle to that place in the hope of discovering whether the knight-errant Owens and the manager Owens are one and indivisible—which it seems the Union is not. Independent of the personal interest which I feel in ascertaining the welfare and locality of my New York friend, I have a small interest in a comedy of surpassing beauty which he bore away with him from this city, as Jason bore the golden fleece from Colchis. You see, this matter is

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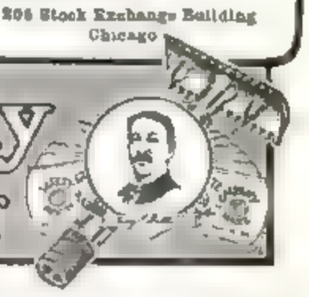

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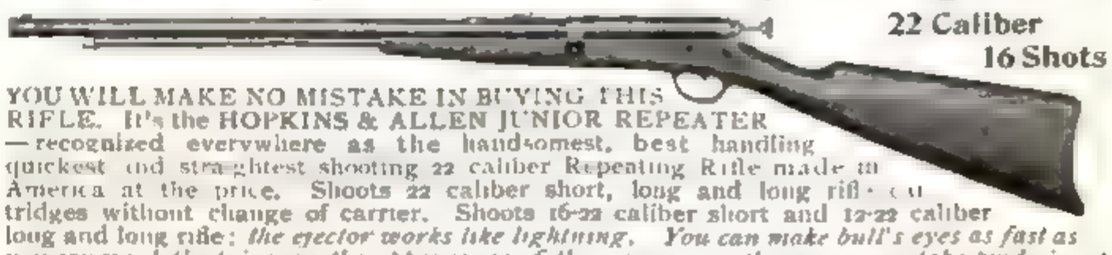

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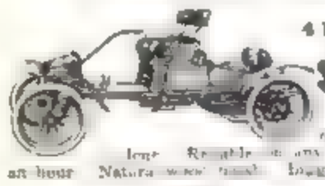

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Your sincere friend.
F.-J. O'Brien.

O'Brien's career was brief, stormy, laborious, sometimes gay, sometimes miserable, and its close, though honorable, was very sad. He was a native of Limerick County, Ireland; born about 1828–29. He was graduated from Dublin University, and, after leaving that institution, he settled in London and edited a paper there, which failed. In 1852 he came to New York, bringing to such prominent editors as Major Noah and General Morris letters of introduction from Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, then resident in Liverpool, later eminent in the journalism of Philadelphia.

On his arrival in America O'Brien entered with vigor upon the duties of the literary vocation, writing for the Home Journal, the Evening Post, the New York Times, the Whig Review, Harper's Magazine, and other publications, and sometimes contributing short plays to the New York stage; the elder Wallack and Lester Wallack were among his friends. "When I first knew O'Brien" (wrote T. B. Aldrich), "he was trimming the wick of the Lantern, which went out shortly afterward."

When the war began O'Brien promptly sought service in the field, at first with the New York Seventh Regiment, later with the forces led by General Lander, on whose staff he held the position of a volunteer Aide. On February 26, 1862, in a fight with the cavalry of the Confederate Colonel Ashley, he was dangerously wounded, the shoulder-joint of his left arm being smashed into fragments, and on April 6, at Cumberland, Virginia, he died of that wound.

Aldrich and O'Brien had applied, almost simultaneously, for the place of Aide to General Lander, and a telegram, giving the appointment, had been addressed to Aldrich at Portsmouth; but, by accident, it failed to reach him, as he had left that place, and so the coveted position fell to O'Brien. One of Henry Clapp's grim witticisms glanced at that subject: "Aldrich, I see," he said, "has been shot in O'Brien's shoulder." The old cynic did not like either of them. In a letter to me, Aldrich, in his usual sprightly mood, alluding to that war incident and to Clapp's quaint remark, made a characteristic comment: "For years afterward I had a vague sort of feeling that I ought to be dead."

Among my comrades O'Brien was not the most beloved, but if originality, elemental power and affluence of diverse productiveness be combined and admitted as forming a decisive criterion of critical judgment, he had, perhaps, the right to be the most admired. The comrades, Frank Wood, Edward Mullen and Aldrich, who rode with me in a mourning coach to follow the remains of O'Brien to the grave in Greenwood Cemetery, nearly forty-six years ago, have vanished from the scene. Of all those blithe, joyous companions not one remains. Some of their writings, however, I have, fortunately, been able to rescue from the oblivion of the old newspaper and magazine press, and of some of them, and especially of O'Brien, there is something yet to be said before, for me also, the final curtain falls.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Winter, giving his personal recollections of famous writers

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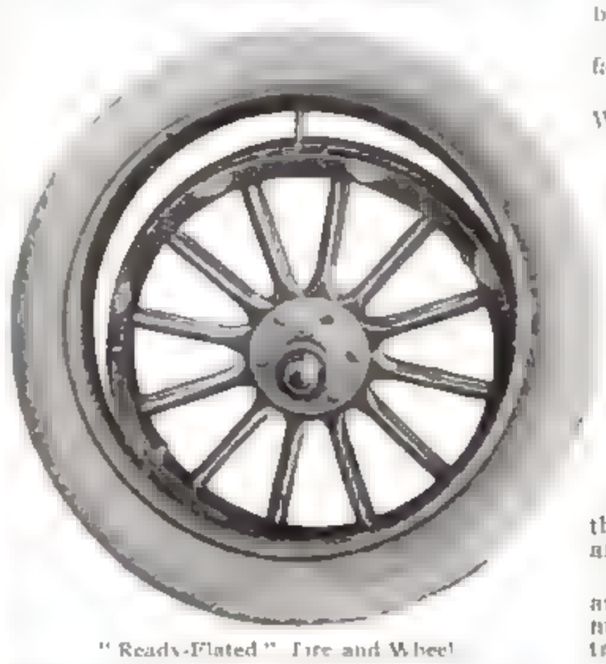

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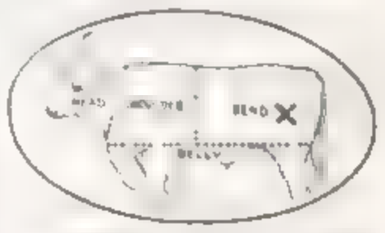

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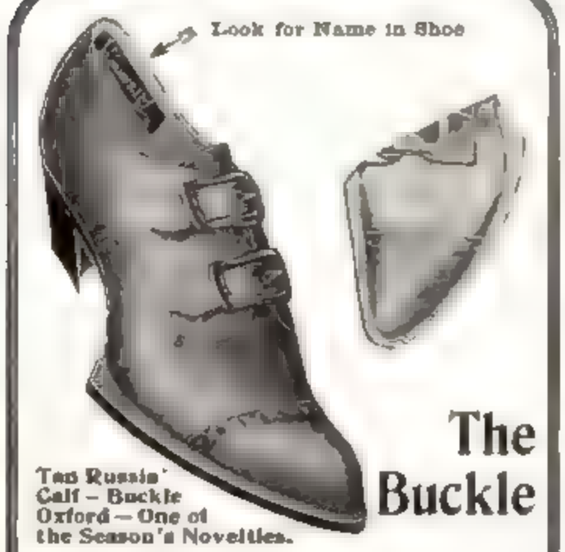

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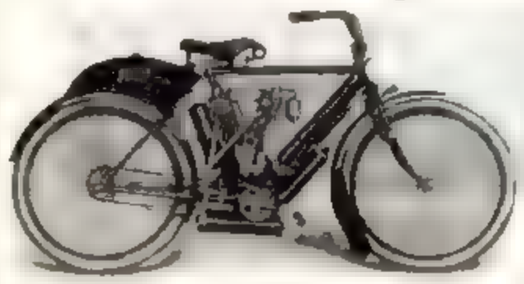

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DORIS HAS HER WAY

(Continued from Page 9)

baseless accusation but from the physical violence of Brother Bob. Bob would arrive like a raging lion, stung by the shame of the Observer articles, and the head of the unfortunate butler was in jeopardy.

William, the scamp, was, doubtless, gone for good. It was still hard to believe that he had been so clever an actor. A blank countenance, like the butler's, might with practice be acquired; but to simulate a commonplace intelligence and never to disclose a gleam of intellectuality called for dramatic talent of a higher order.

Of course, it was not absolutely certain that the red leather notebook belonged to William. Doris, though a woman, felt the need of corroboration. It occurred to her that if the book were William's his fellow-servants might have had glimpses of it. With this thought in her mind she returned to the house.

The butler was in the dining-room, cleaning the silver.

"James," said Doris, holding up the notebook, "did you ever see this before?"

"Yes, Miss Doris."

"I thought likely . . . And do you happen to know what William has been up to?"

"Yes, Miss Doris. They've eloped."

"Eloped!"

Doris sat down, not wholly prepared for the startling news.

The butler threw aside the cleaning-cloth and sat down in his turn.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" he groaned in genuine distress.

V

"DON'T take on so, James; you're not the groom," said Doris kindly.

"I wish I were," he answered dreamily.

"Oh, you do!"

"No. I don't mean that."

"Say what you mean, James."

"Shall I?"

The ring in his voice went unnoted by Doris, whose mind was seeking a connection between the dejection of the butler and the levanting of the groom.

"The serpent!" she murmured.

"Don't be too hard on William," the butler pleaded. "William knew his place, and he tried to keep it; but—well ——"

"Well—what?"

"Miss Wilkins did the courting."

"James!"

"You told me to say what I meant."

"Why, so I did. Well?"

"William told me about it this morning."

"William took you into his confidence!" exclaimed Doris, amazed.

"He had to tell somebody. You see, the poor chap was really in love with Miss Wilkins; otherwise he would have taken my advice and cleared out."

"You advised William to clear out!"

"I begged him to; and I believe he would have made a run of it if Miss Wilkins hadn't kept so sharp an eye on him. There is one hope; they will apply for a marriage license, and then ——"

"Yes—what?"

"Then it will all come out. William can't write his name."

"*Can't write?* . . . Then—this notebook doesn't belong to William?"

"No—why—did you think ——"

"William was searching for something this morning," said Doris slowly. "He said it was red and made of leather."

"Yes. A rosette from one of the bridles." The butler smiled shamelessly. "I gave myself away neatly, didn't I? Well, it doesn't matter. I intended to confess."

"So!" exclaimed Doris. "You *did* mean it when you said you wished you were the groom?"

"No!" cried the butler, rising. "Ten thousand times *No!* You have my confession in your hand. Doris, it is *you* I love!"

"James!"

"Don't call me James any more. My name is Sydney."

"Indeed!" Doris eyed him coldly.

"Doris!"

"James!"

"Miss Doris!"

"That is better. Proceed, Mr. Sydney."

"Miss Doris, I am an impostor, a scoundrel, a serpent, but—I love you!"

Doris shook her head critically. "Less John Drew and more Hackett," said she.

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"Begin again, Mr. Sydney, and at the word 'but' press both hands against the heart."

"I am serious, Miss Doris."

"No one would suspect it. Begin again!" She stamped impatiently.

"*Miss Doris, I am an impostor, a scoundrel and a serpent, but—I love you!* . . . There. Is that better?"

"Much. Go on, Mr. Sydney. The next line, I believe, is, *I have long loved you.*"

He eyed her reproachfully. "You are making a fool of me."

"That comes later. The next line is, *I have long loved you.*"

"I have long loved you, Miss Doris—seven long days, to be exact. But each day has been a year of happiness, each hour has been a day."

"Right arm extended, left on heart. That is good. Now the line, *You are making a fool of me.*"

"You are making a fool of me, Miss Doris—an easy matter, since Nature has prepared the way. All you can really do is add a few finishing touches."

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"Produce the voice from the diaphragm, Mr. Sydney, and do not saw the air too much with your hand."

"I love you, Doris."

"James."

"I am a poor author, *Miss* Doris, but my prospects are bright."

Doris suddenly doffed the mask of comedy. "Do you really purpose publishing that book?"

"I hoped you thought less meanly of me than that."

"Why should I? You have confessed that you did it for money."

"Yes, I have gained a few pieces of silver, but I have given my heart away, and, like the Shropshire Lad, I shall pay for it in endless rue. As for the book, I shall discontinue the serial and destroy the manuscript."

"Then you will be penniless again."

"No. The magazines all want love stories. I can write them—now."

"Oh, you can!" Doris regarded him quizzically. "And meanwhile what do you propose to do?"

"To-night I shall apologize to your father."

"Why wait till to-night?"

She crossed to a window giving on the porch.

"Dad! Oh, Dad!" she called. "Please come to the dining-room a minute!"

She turned again to the butler.

"On second thought, Mr. Sydney, you would best say nothing at all. You understand?—nothing at all."

"Yes," he answered meekly.

VI

PETER WILKINS, newspaper in hand, appeared in the doorway, his eyes still blinking from the sudden interruption of his after-luncheon nap.

"Well?" he rumbled.

"James has confessed, Dad."

"What!" Old Peter foamed up like a seidlitz powder. "You infernal villain!"

"No dramatics, Dad," said Doris quietly. "We've finished with those. Sit down, Daddy, please."

He sat down, glaring.

"James—that is, Mr. Sydney—has confessed," repeated Doris. "He wrote the articles in the Observer for the purpose of obtaining money—the meanest of motives. You see, the editors wouldn't buy his other things, probably for very good reasons, so he had to do something sensational."

"The yellow scoundrel!"

"But that isn't the worst of it. A publishing house has arranged to bring out the dreadful story in book form."

"Miss Doris ——" protested the butler.

"Silence, Mr. Sydney!"

Peter Wilkins set his face sardonically. Somebody else was being bullied.

"Now, Dad," pursued Doris, "we can't allow that, can we? The affair must be settled quietly. We must settle it now."

"How much does the infernal blackmailer demand?"

"He will be satisfied with a reasonable settlement. The man must live, Dad."

"Miss Doris, I ——" the butler again broke in.

"*Will* you be quiet, Mr. Sydney!"

"Silence, sir!" bellowed old Peter.

"Now, Dad," said Doris, with an arm about his shoulder, "I've bullied and tormented you all my life, haven't I?"

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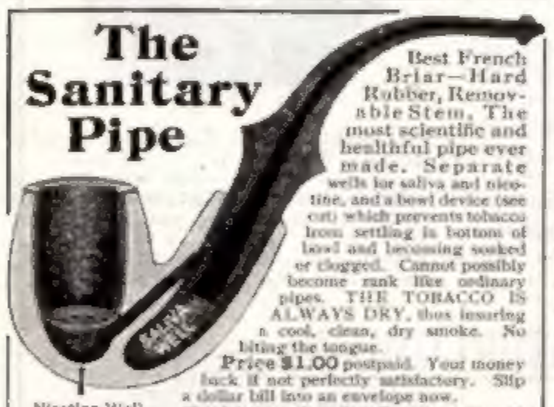

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"Eh—what?"

"Answer. Haven't I?"

"Yes—*no!*"

"But I have. And I've been a big expense to you—wasted your hard-earned dollars in garages and candy kitchens and milliners' shops. I shall be a frightful expense to a poor husband."

"What in Sam Hill are you driving at?" demanded the bewildered parent.

"This, Daddy: I propose to revenge you and myself upon this miserable man. I am going to marry him!"

Peter Wilkins rose, speechless, purple.

"Dad!" cried Doris, a little frightened.

"Mr. Wilkins!" the young man entreated.

Mrs. Wilkins entered the room, her face expressing deep concern.

"Doris," she said hurriedly, "Julia has just returned from Greenport, crying and hysterical. James, please telephone for Doctor Howgate."

The butler went out.

Mrs. Wilkins looked from husband to daughter. "What is the trouble?" she asked anxiously.

Peter Wilkins sat down, the newspaper crushed in his hand.

"Hannah," he groaned, "that child will be the death of me."

"Doris," exclaimed her mother piteously, "how often have I begged you not to excite your father. You know his heart isn't strong."

"My heart's all right," roared Peter Wilkins.

"Of course it is, Daddy," said Doris soothingly; "and it's in the right place. Never fear about that."

The butler returned. Doris, crossing to him, took his hand.

"Have you any other name?" she whispered.

"Kirke."

She led him up to her parents.

"Dad—Mother—Mr. Sydney Kirke. He wishes to give his notice."

Leaving him to his own resources, which were ample, Doris ran upstairs to her sister's room. Julia lay prone on the bed, her face in the curve of her arm; the tempest of tears was about spent. Doris took her hand and held it with a gentle pressure.

"Don't grieve, Julie," she said. "It is only your pride that has been hurt. Nobody will ever know."

Then came the "clearing-up shower" of tears.

"What a fool I have been!" moaned Julia. "I don't deserve my narrow escape. To think!—only a groom, who couldn't even write his name!"

"That is his misfortune, poor chap!" said Doris. "And he will never know what he has missed by not going in for literature."

Treating the Moose

LAST summer, while Commander Peary was getting ready to discover the North Pole again, he took a turn at discovering the Maine woods, just to keep his hand in. He stopped one Saturday afternoon at a small town where they were having a county fair, and he was attracted by a sideshow where the only advertised exhibit was an "educated moose."

The navigator stood before the barker and ticket-seller and listened to him describe the really marvelous feats which that moose performed, feats whereof the mere sight, the barker declared, was liberally educational. The price of admission was ten cents; family tickets a quarter.

Finally, just as Peary was about to walk away, there came up a farmer with a long string of nicely-graded children holding hands behind him: twelve in all. The farmer studied the price of admission, and the ticket-seller studied the farmer's jewels.

"Fambly tickets a quarter," drawled the farmer. "Wal, I reckon you kin give me one o' them thar."

"Look here," said the ticket-man, "are those children all yours?"

"Them's all mine," the farmer proudly answered; "but them ain't all o' mine; two's to hum with the measles."

"Well," said the ticket-man, "I won't sell you a family ticket."

"Why won't you? That there's what you advertise."

"I know it, but you go in for nothing; it's just as important for my moose to see your family as it is for your family to see my moose."

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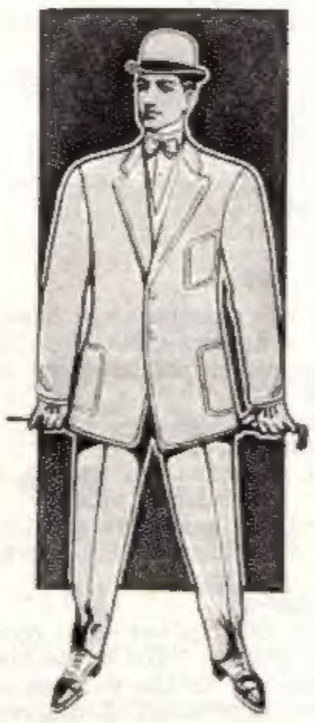

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The outcome of your paint investment, involving gallons of paint and many dollars worth of labor, can be foretold, so far as the durability of materials is concerned, by examining a very small specimen of the White Lead which you propose to use.

Paint is made of a pigment and a liquid. The pigment, in order to have the best paint, must be Pure White Lead, the liquid Pure Linseed Oil, and these ingredients should be *bought separately* and *mixed fresh as needed.*

To test the paint, take a small bit of the White Lead, before it is mixed with the oil or coloring matter, and blow a flame upon it with a blowpipe. If little globules of metallic lead form, the White Lead is pure, and you may allow the painters to go ahead. If the mass is stubborn and refuses to turn to lead, the outlook is bad. The White Lead has been adulterated and you will rue the day you allow the imitation paint to be used on your house.

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